

THE CRANSTONIAN

The Cranstonian

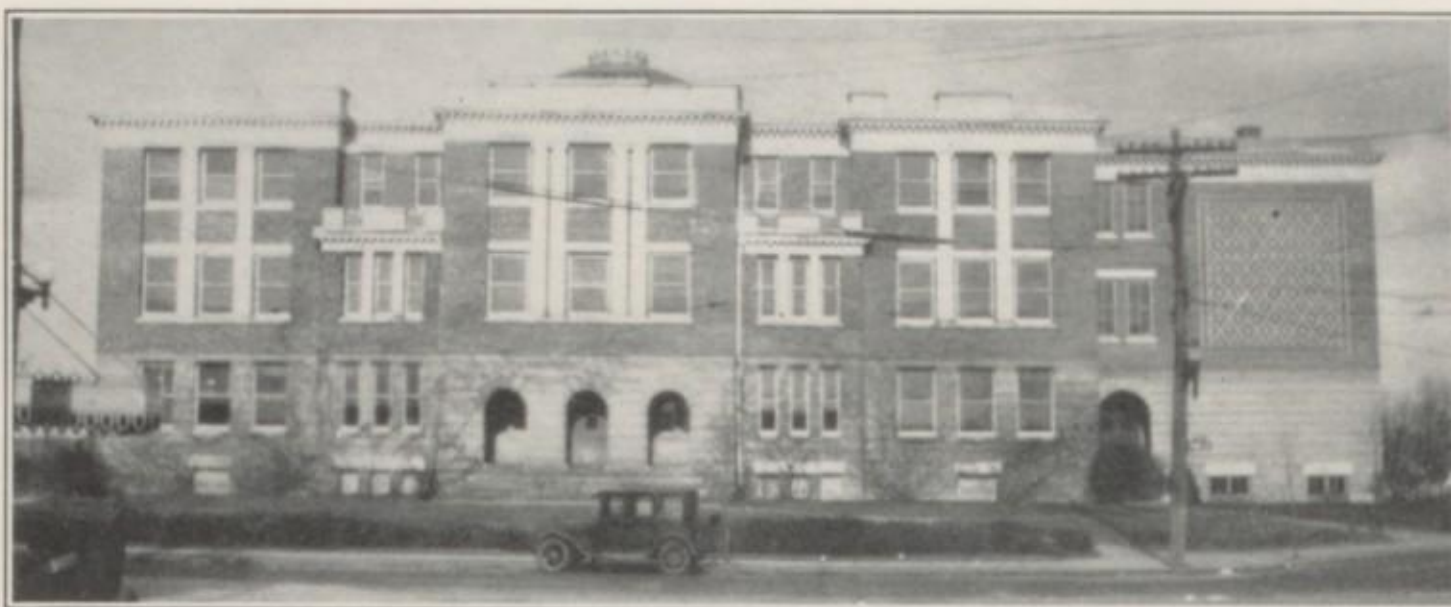
Published by and in the
interest of the Pupils of
the Cranston High School



Cranston, Rhode Island



Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-six



Dedication

To this our school, whose halls shall resound no more with student voices, whose thresholds shall be crossed no more by students' feet, and to all those teachers and students who, since our school was founded, have made and upheld its traditions of high scholarship, service, and character, we, the seniors of 1926, in farewell dedicate this book.

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THE CRANSTONIAN



CLARENCE W. BOSWORTH, *Principal*

THE CRANSTONIAN

Faculty

Principal

CLARENCE W. BOSWORTH, A. M.
Brown University. Latin.

WILLIAM J. REYNOLDS, A. M.
Brown University.
History.

EULALIA J. TOWNE, A. B.
Brown University.
French.

HELEN D. BARRETT, A. B.
Boston University.
Spanish, Stenography, and Latin.

GEORGE F. BURT, A. B.
Amherst College.
Bookkeeping and Economics.

ANNE W. CARPENTER, A. M.
Brown University.
English, Librarian.

HATTIE M. HOLT, A. M.
Brown University.
Latin.

M. MADELEINE KANE, A. B.
Brown University.
History.

BESSIE L. COGSWELL, A. B.
Boston University.
Typewriting and Stenography.

VERA L. MILLIKEN, A. B.
Bates College.
English.

IDA E. ARNOLD, A. M.
Brown University.
English, Civics, and Commercial Arithmetic

SARA A. THOMPSON, A. B.
Boston University.
English.

*MARGARET A. FULLER, A. M.
Wellesley College.
English.

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Smith College.
Geometry.

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Chandler School for Women.
Stenography and Commercial Geography.

EVELYN R. BROWN, A. B.
University of New Hampshire.
English and History.

MARIAN A. BENTON, Litt. B.
Boston University.
French.

CARLETON W. MERRITT, A. B.
University of Maine.
Physical Geography, Commercial
Arithmetic, and Botany.

GRACE C. EMERSON, Ed. M.
Harvard University.
Mathematics.

Sub-Principal

RAYMOND R. THOMPSON, B. S.
Colby College. Chemistry and Physics.

ARLENE E. PRESTON A. B.
Mount Holyoke College.
Algebra and French.

ISABELLE V. ROBERTS, B. B. A.
Boston University.
Bookkeeping, Penmanship, and
Commercial Arithmetic.

GEORGE B. HEFLER, B. S.
University of New Hampshire.
Elementary Science and Algebra.

EDYTHE F. REEVES, A. B.
Brown University.
Latin.

IRENE D. CARLIN, Ph. B.
Brown University.
English.

AIMEE L. SPENCER, A. B.
Brown University.
English.

DOROTHY C. MAGUIRE, A. B.
Brown University.
English and History.

SPECIAL TEACHERS

HENRY F. ANGLIM,
Fitchburg Normal School.
Mechanical Drawing and Manual Training.

ANNA L. MCINERNEY, R. I. C. E. and
Institute of Music Pedagogy.
Supervisor of Music.

HENRY C. REEVES,
Springfield Y. M. C. A.
Physical Training.

MARY D. JACKSON,
Simmons College.
Domestic Science.

ELIZABETH R. SULLIVAN,
R. I. College of Education.
Domestic Science.

ERNE SONNE,
R. I. School of Design.
Drawing.

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University of New Hampshire.
Mechanical Drawing and Manual Training.

LOUISE M. PINE, R. I. C. E. and
Institute of Music Pedagogy.
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E. ANNA JOHNSON,
Sargent School for Physical Training.
Physical Training.

RUTH U. BURT, Ph. B.
Brown University.
Clerk of High School.

*Left.

Foreword

The Senior class is publishing this *Cranstonian* not because every other Senior class for the past twelve years has published one, but because we feel that our final year in high school would be incomplete without the publication of this book. Our Senior year is perhaps the fullest of the four high school years. We try to crowd into it everything that we have wanted to do for three years and for which we have had neither the time nor the opportunity. We have tried in this *Cranstonian* to give to faculty, to undergraduates, and to all friends of the school an accurate account of the year's many activities. It is our hope that when members of the school read our year book, they will live again this year; and that when non-members read it, they will

feel as if they had been with us throughout the year, sharing in all our activities.

We want this *Cranstonian* to be representative of school talent. The stories, poems, essays, and drawings show you what members of our own school can do. They are entirely the work of present pupils.

Our year book is a bit of school that we can carry with us when we leave. It will always serve as a souvenir and a reminder of the richest years that we have thus far spent.

But more than a record, a representative of school talent, and a souvenir, we sincerely hope that faculty and undergraduates will regard the 1926 *Cranstonian* as an expression of our gratitude for four happy years spent with them.



A History of Cranston High School

Cranston High School is nearing another milestone in its usefulness and achievements. Probably within the coming year it will be located in a commodious new building. Before such a change is made, it is natural to look back over the past and trace the history of the school's development.

As early as 1892, when Cranston was a town of less than fifteen thousand inhabitants, the first high school course was offered to students. The sessions were held in connection with the grammar schools, and were attended by only twelve pupils. After three years under these conditions, a chance for a permanent home was offered in the old Auburn Grammar School building, left vacant at the erection of the Doric Avenue School.

From its establishment in a separate building, its growth was exceptionally rapid. The faculty of one, Mr. Keyes, was soon increased by the addition of Mr. Reynolds, who is still on the teaching staff, and Miss Tower, who for twenty years served the school with rare skill and devotion. Mr. Fenner was a teacher of the sciences and mathematics from 1901 to 1909. He returned in 1912 as principal and in 1917 he became superintendent. This long and varied career has been attended with great progress in our school system, and with great usefulness to the city. In 1904 the number of pupils warranted the erection of the present building, a fifty-thousand dollar structure. With the new school came Miss Towne, another of the present faculty.

Thirteen years after its erection, the present building was filled to overflowing with more than six hundred students. Consequently, part-time sessions were held, until a wing, on the Pontiac Avenue side, was ready for occupancy in 1917. This wing relieved the congestion temporarily; but during the last two years, the crowded conditions have made it necessary to resume the part-time sessions.

The increased enrollment has been paralleled by advancement in all other lines. The faculty has grown from the first sole instructor, who taught nine subjects, to thirty teachers, especially trained in their respective branches. Several of these, besides those already mentioned, have served the school for many years: Miss Barrett since 1907, Mr. Burt and Miss Carpenter since 1910, and both Miss Holt and Miss Kane for more than ten years.

The scholastic standing has been steadily raised, until now the school is rated in class A among the other high schools in Rhode Island. In 1904, the certificate privilege was granted by the New England College Entrance Board and has been constantly retained ever since on account of the excellent records made by our graduates at Brown University and other higher institutions. Among the graduates of whose records the school is justly proud is Miss Ruth Lothrop, who, after leaving college, was granted a scholarship entitling her to one year's study in France. Many of our graduates have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Psi. One or two have had the honor of being elected to both societies. The graduates of the com-

mercial course have also met with signal success. Employment offices of Providence state that there are no better prepared graduates from any business course than those from Cranston. Not only business firms in the city, but also some of the officials at the State House, demand Cranston graduates to fill their vacancies.

When the High School was first founded, three four-year courses were offered—the English, the Classical, and the Commercial. Later, a two-year and a one-year Commercial Course and a four-year Greek Course were added. It is interesting to notice that only three of the original courses remain: with the English Course divided into two parts—the English College and English General. In addition, elective subjects have been offered from time to time: drawing, music, manual training, and physical training. In compliance with the state law, physical training is now compulsory.

An invaluable institution of Cranston High School is the school library. The present Room 17 was furnished for this purpose through a gift from the Alumni Association. When the books had increased to about 500, and the location changed to Room 5, the name Valentine Almy Memorial Library was written upon its door. In 1920, Miss Carpenter offered to organize and supervise the library. Under her management it became an important factor in school life, and its value was soon realized by the students. Their interest has been shown by many gifts which have raised the number of books to two thousand. These are supplemented by newspapers and magazines, a victrola, lantern slides,

and pictures, which make the library well rounded and useful in all directions.

Many organizations have been established during the life of the school. The oldest, the Boys' Athletic Association, was formed in 1899, when Cranston joined the Interscholastic League. Although there were creditable teams, the boys did not win any honors until 1917, when the hockey team brought home the League pennant. Pennants were also won in '21, '22, and '23, largely through the efforts of "Al" Swanson, who was a member of the '21 team and captain in '22 and '23.

In track contests, Cranston holds eight records. Six of these are held by the Merrill brothers, Russell and Lowell; and the others by John and Howard Droitcour. Besides these individual honors, Cranston owns a cup for winning the Arbor Day meet from East Providence in '09, '10, and '11.

In 1910, the Girls' Athletic Association was formed. The three chief sports were basketball, tennis, and baseball. Of these, basketball has become the most popular. For the last two years the girls have entered the Southern Rhode Island Basketball League, in which they have made a very good record.

Both boys and girls were for many years, from 1913 on, active in debates with several other schools in the state. Besides the training obtained by the members, the Girls' Debating Society won a more concrete benefit, a silver loving cup, which was secured through two annual victories over Woonsocket and East Providence High Schools.

In the same year, 1913, the school

orchestra came into existence; and under the direction of Miss McInerney it progressed rapidly. Miss McInerney has also been active in conducting the Girls' Glee Club, the Octave Club, and, quite recently, a new organization, the Boys' Glee Club.

Our dramatic society, the Thyrsus Club, was formed in 1914 by students who wished experience in the art of acting. This club presents each year several minor plays, and one more ambitious production, which has become widely known for its excellence. For the last two years, besides being presented at the High School, the play has been repeated in East Greenwich. Much of the success of the club has been due to the faculty supervisors—Miss Towne, Miss Holt, and Miss Milliken.

A still more recent organization in the school is the Student Council. Its purpose is "to regulate the activities and affairs of Cranston High School in co-operation with the Principal." The members of the association are elected by a popular vote of the student body. The pupils are thus given a chance to make suggestions for improving the school. Already they have installed a system for election of class officers, and a very effective system to control traffic in the corridors.

Another institution which Cranston was one of the first to adopt is the Rhode Island Honor Society. All students who, at the beginning of their senior year, have maintained a scholastic average of 85 per cent, and possess the necessary qualifications of helpful leadership, service, and character, are elected to membership.

THE CRANSTONIAN

1923
Although the society is only three years old, Cranston High School has placed thirty-five members on its roll.

In describing the activities at Cranston, we must not overlook the social functions. In the early days of the school the principal annual event was the Senior Reception, or the Freshman Mixer. After this the Junior-Senior Masquerade Ball was introduced as a delightful annual custom by the class of 1914, and has been followed up to the present year. Other social events are afternoon dances and a Senior dance.

One of the most valuable school projects has been the student publications. The first, a school paper called "Allevevo," was published in the "Cranston City Times" from December, 1902, to June, 1904. Its contents included notes on school affairs, short stories, and one hair-raising serial. In 1906, a similar monthly publication, called the "Cranstonian," was substituted for the "Allevevo." In 1908, a year book, the "Meteor," was published.

In 1914, another annual, the "Cranstonian," was published, which has appeared since then. The "Cranstonian" now has such a reputation that its publication is looked for as eagerly as the summer vacation. Besides being popular with the students, it has proved, for the last few years, a financial success. In a recent national contest, it was rated high in comparison with other similar school annuals.

Our growth and progress has been rapid. From a school of twelve pupils in 1895, we now number seven hundred and fifty; and from an institution of ordinary standing, we are graded among the best in the state. We realize that much of this success is due to the devotion of many enthusiastic friends whom space prevents us from mentioning, but to whom we are very much indebted. We know that Cranston has the right spirit, and with the improved conditions which the new building will offer, we can expect greater success in the future.

SENIORS OF FEB. '26



THE CRANSTONIAN



We come from dear old Cranston,
Where the teams are very fine.
They never stop their fighting
'Till they cross the last white line.
They're out to win the game to-day,
Let's help them to succeed;
Let's cheer them on to victory;
Our help is what they need. (Fini)

Chorus

Fight, boys! Fight, boys!
Fight for the Green and White.
Win, boys! Win, boys!
Win for the Green and White! (D. C.)

HERBERT A. ROSEFIELD, '26

THE CRANSTONIAN



GIRLS' GYMNASTICS



CHEMISTRY CLASS

THE CRANSTONIAN



MECHANICAL DRAWING



LIBRARY



Graduate Program for 1925

Recital—

Connecticut March	Nassann
Andante from the Surprise Symphony	Hayden
Norwegian Dance	Grieg

High School Orchestra

Invocation by Reverend G. Elmer Lamphere

Songs by Class—

At Dawning	Cadman
A Song of India	Rimsky-Korsakoff
*The Earliest Books	Mildred Moulton Latham
Revivals of Old English Customs	Leah Marion Spencer
Some Rhode Island Shade Trees	May Louise Hanson
Piano Selection—Grande Marche de Concert, by Wollenhaupt	Eloise Sprague Tabor
Chemistry as an Aid to the Medium	George Francis Ringler and Louis Bertram Cook
The Sea in English Poetry	Elinor Margerum
Song by Class—Praise of Our Alma Mater	Stewart
Presentation of Gifts—	
Two-Year Graduates	Doris Manton Taylor
February Graduates	John Joseph Martin
June Graduates	Raymond Elmer Jenkins
Awarding of Diplomas by Mayor Arthur A. Rhodes	
March by Orchestra—Trisgian March	Losey

*Excused.

The Sea In English Poetry

From time immemorial the sea has had a peculiar charm and fascination. More than the fields, the rocks, and the mountains, it has impressed itself upon him as a part of his life. He has worshipped it as a god, cursed it as a monster, loved it for its beauty. Never has he treated it with utter indifference.

The Anglo-Saxon race has ever been intimately and deeply concerned with the sea. Thus one would expect to find English literature filled with innumerable sea poems. However, strange as it seems, few poems until the nineteenth century had the sea as their central figure. In most of the verse of the early centuries, the sea

was merely a background for tales about life upon it.

The Old English poems usually represented the ocean as awe-inspiring and terrifying. In an Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Seafarer," an old sailor emphasizes its coldness and cruelty. He sings of the "ice-cold waves," the "ice-cold sea," the "icy-feathered birds," and the "ice chains" that fettered his feet. Again, in "Beowulf," the dangers and the treachery of the sea are prominent. In telling of an adventure, Beowulf says, "Thus we two were in the sea for the space of five nights, till the flood, the tossing of waves, coldest of weathers, drove us apart, and a fierce north wind beat down upon us—rough were the waves."

As time advanced, there was no radical change in this poetry. Poets did not, as one would expect, represent the sea as magnetic and irresistible, drawing men forth to adventure. Spenser seems to express the general feeling of his day in the "Faerie Queen":

"Better safe port than be in seas distrest."

Even the immortal Shakespeare seldom wrote of it. It came into his poetry usually incidentally. In "The Tempest," for example, the sea was necessary, just as in Othello Venice was necessary. As a lyric of the sea, however, what could be more beautiful than Ariel's song in "The Tempest"?

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

More often he cursed the sea than

praised it, as again in "The Tempest" we find:

"Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her."

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada, a wave of patriotism swept England. Songs and poems sprang up everywhere, praising England and her sailors' heroism. Something of this spirit is shown in Bishop Stills' "The Spanish Armada":

"Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathene legions come,
O God, arise and arm us;
We'll die for owre home!"

But though the poets told of great deeds and of sailor life, they still failed to write of the beauty and appeal of the sea. The time had not yet come when they felt that they dared to break away from the narrow limits set by their predecessors.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Romantic movement greatly changed English literature. Poetry broke away from the bonds of the previous centuries, and became free, natural, and imaginative. With this change came a new appreciation of nature. Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth describe the sea in most picturesque terms. Byron pictures its mystic charm in "Childe Harold":

"There is society where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more."

Keats describes it in a calm:

"Often 'tis in such a gentle temper found
That scarcely will the smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime
fell."

Many poets have treated the sea as symbolic of the Creator's power. In "Childe Harold" we find:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—
roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore—."

Tennyson, in "Crossing the Bar,"
pictures death as a journey across the
sea from this earth into the hereafter,
and God as the Pilot who guides the
ship:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of time and
place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Strange to say, the best poetry of
the nineteenth century was written by
men of little or no experience on the
ocean. With the possible exception
of Falconer, no sailor-poet can com-
pare with such men as Coleridge,
Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson,
who knew little of life on the water.
How commonplace Falconer's "Ship-
wreck" seems when it is contrasted
with that masterpiece, the "Rime of
the Ancient Mariner."

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!"

And again when he describes the
calm:

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

The twentieth century has pro-
duced innumerable poets and an ever
increasing variety of these poems.
Stevenson, Kipling, Noyes, and
Masefield have preserved in poetry the
traditions and superstitions that are
dying out with the old-time sailing
vessel. They have brought out the
romance of the sea; the eternal beauty
and mysterious power that will ever
draw men to it.

Gradually the sailor is winning a
place as a poet. Kipling and Mase-
field have both had experience on
ships. Both have written excellently
of this life. The restless longing and
hunger for the sea and the very
rhythm of the sea itself are heard in
John Masefield's "Sea Fever":

"I must down to the seas again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer
her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
and the white sails' shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and grey
dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call
of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not
be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white
clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume,
and the sea gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gulls' way and the whales' way,
where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laugh-
ing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when
the long trick's over."

Class of 1926

CLASS MOTTO

"No quest; no conquest"

CLASS OFFICERS

February

June

President

KINGSLEY READ

HELENA HOGAN

Vice-President

ISABELL DANEKER

SYDNEY BUNKER

Secretary

ELSA MAERTENS

WILLIAM SCHOFIELD

Treasurer

ERLING OWREN

EDWIN FARRELL

Chairman of Executive Committee

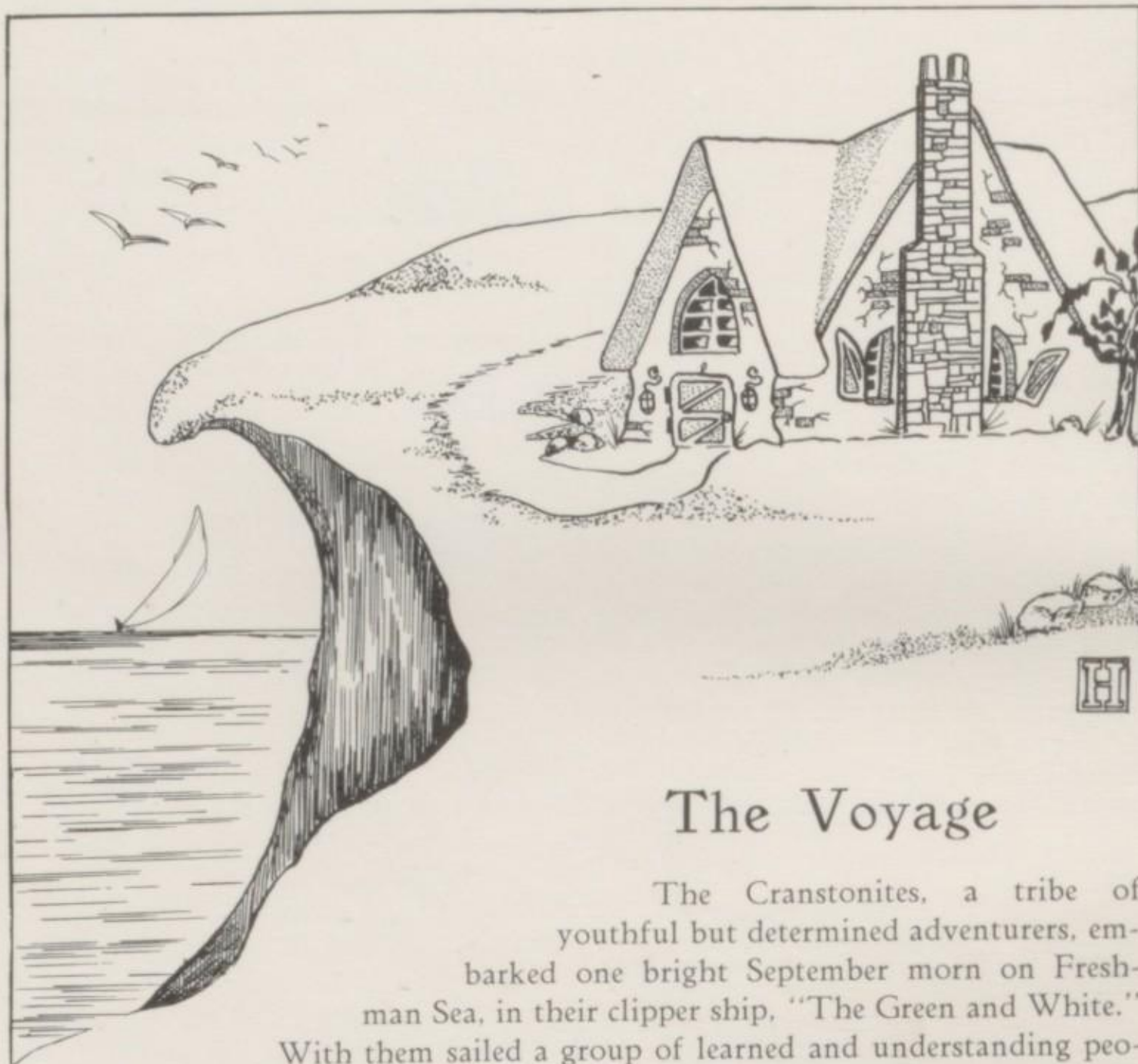
MILTON PATTERSON

HOWARD HODSDON

Representative Student Council

AUDREY WATSON

SYDNEY BUNKER



The Voyage

The Cranstonites, a tribe of youthful but determined adventurers, embarked one bright September morn on Freshman Sea, in their clipper ship, "The Green and White."

With them sailed a group of learned and understanding people, called "Faculty," who, because they many times before had traversed the same sea, acted as guides. The youths had in their possession a map to Senior Isle, where was hidden the Key of Knowledge, which would enable them to unlock the Treasure Chest of Life.

Hopes ran high, as with many a "Heave, ho, my hearties!" the seafarers drew away from their native shores and bore toward unknown trials and perils. The spirit of adventure spurred them on and filled every heart with eagerness. Although the sea was often rough and many storms beset them, through the wise and helpful guidance of the Faculty, harmony was maintained. The wisest members of the crew were often called upon to steer the ship through dangerous channels and past perilous rocks and reefs.

At first the unfamiliar course seemed very difficult to follow. There were, however, certain guide posts—left by former voyagers—which helped them

direct their way. Among these was the tall lighthouse, called the "Student Council," whose beacon sent forth far and wide along their way gleaming rays of light. Here and there along the way, were small green and white posts, bobbing up and down in the water, which helped them keep to their course. These were called "Traditions." The Cranstonites added one or two tiny posts to a group called "High Scholarship"; a few to a group called "Character." And anon they saw, at a distance, a narrow passage, called "Sophomore Strait."

When the twelfth month had passed, the gallant little tribe of Cranstonites, hardier and wiser through experience, arrived at the mouth of Sophomore Strait, a passage known to be inhabited by huge and savage sea monsters.

Especially noticeable were three huge green beasts, with belching jaws and foaming mouths, and with furiously lashing tails, who were called Latin, Geometry, and English. Often they seemed on the very point of overturning the ship and bringing havoc to all; but day after day the sailors fought courageously with them until finally they were subdued and chained; and when the wind died down, they towed the ship along as quickly as the strongest wind could drive it.

But the journey did not consist entirely of trouble and hardships. They often played games, and in their play they learned to cultivate and appreciate true sportsmanship, which they used not only in their games, but also in their daily tasks. The dramatic members of the crew

joined in a band which they called the "Thyrsus Club." These occasionally presented plays, which not only gave much pleasure to the crew, but often filled them with the desire to be as strong, as good, and as fearless and bold as the characters in the play. Those who were musical organized an orchestra to entertain the passengers, who often, after a weary day, were soothed and refreshed by the music.

As the end of the second year drew nigh, the youthful crew realized that they were now old and experienced enough to aid the Faculty in directing their course. So they chose from their number four youths, who, in their opinion, possessed the qualities of leadership, to aid their counselors. And soon they saw in the distance the sparkling blue waters of Junior Ocean.

And now the Cranstonites embarked on the Junior Ocean. Although they had passed through many dangers, they were still valiant and eager for further adventure. Soon, however, they were overtaken by a ship, which, as it drew near them, seemed filled with bold buccaneers, with fierce swarthy faces, black bristling moustaches, and carrying flashing swords. They bore down upon the Cranstonites, boarded their ship, and at the command of the leaders, called Algebra, Chemistry, and French, the fearless band attacked them. However, they proved not so fierce and strong as they had seemed, and the Cranstonites soon subdued them, compelling them to act as servants to all the youthful crew.

As the "Green and White" sailed on, it neared a group of islands called

"Temptation Isles." One was called the "Isle of Jazz;" another, the "Isle of Radio;" and another, the "Isle of Hating-to-Work." These were covered with tall green trees and wondrous flowers—red, purple, green, and orange in color. The Cranstonites saw that on them were beautiful buildings of marble and gold from which silver strains of music floated to their ears. Many youthful sailors were unable to resist the enchanting sights and sounds, and the fragrant odors, and immediately lowered boats and sailed to the islands. In the evening some of them returned to the ship, saying that the others had been unable to tear themselves away. The band, feeling that it could delay no longer, sailed on without their companions, who had thrown away the opportunity to find and partake of the Treasures of Life, and who, when winter came to the isles, would no doubt perish.

And soon could be seen in the distance their goal, the shining Senior Isle.

At last they set foot upon the Senior Isle. The future glowed rosy before them as they began to follow the directions of the chart. Alas for their hopes! Their search led them to a deep, dark grove, where they were confronted by a giant, Vergil, by name, who put fear into their hearts. He was accompanied by two huge mastiffs, Translation and Scansion. The monster rushed forward, seized four youths, and instantly crushed them to death in his huge, hairy arms. The other youths, how-

ever, drew their swords and, rushing on him in a body, soon slew him.

They then came to a grove of tall, white trees, one of which was called the "Senior Dance;" another, "Class Day;" and still another, the "Class Banquet." Under these they rested and were refreshed.

As they neared the end of the search, the faculty, who for four long years had been their counselors, guides, and friends, chose those youths who throughout the voyage had manifested wisdom and a worthy character, together with a spirit of service and helpful leadership, and made them members of an association called the "Rhode Island Honor Society" from the name of the native land of the Cranstonites.

Continuing to search, the adventurers were stopped by the appearance of an enormous lion, who seemed to be guarding the entrance to a grotto, where the map located the object of their search. The beast was called "Final Senior Exams." He sprang forward; but before he could be slain, he had killed three youths with his sharp, cruel claws. When he lay dead, they entered the grotto. And lo! before their wondering eyes gleamed the Key of Knowledge resting on a white velvet cushion in the middle of a green grove. After four years of adventure, peril, and hard work, the Cranstonites had found the object of their quest, and it lay forevermore in their power to unlock at will the Treasure Chest of Life.

Graduates

HOPE MARGARET ANDERSEN

45 Middle St., Meshanticut Park

"Hope"

"Try modesty's a candle to thy merit."
G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Glee Club (3); Chemistry Club (4).

Hope is the quietest of girls and the faithfulest of history students.



MYRTLE ESTHER MALKINA
ANDERSEN

457 Reservoir Ave., Cranston

"Andy" "Myrt"

"Oh, she sits high in all the people's hearts."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (4); Girl Reserves (3); Girls' Glee Club (2); Marshal (4).

Myrtle recently gladdened our hearts by winning a part in this year's Thyrsus Club play.

CARL LESTER ANDREN

101 Potter St., Auburn

"Lizzy" "Culla"

"Never do to-day what you can leave until to-morrow."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Room Secretary (3).

Carl is everybody's pal and Cranston's foremost sport fan.



CLARE ANDREWS

151 Columbia Ave., Edgewood

"Clare"

"Rich in thought and character."

G. A. A. (1); Thyrsus Club (2).

That Clare is a courageous girl you'll believe when we tell you that she was the first in the school to get a "sheik" bob.

GARDNER LORING ANTHONY

36 Bartlett Ave., Edgewood

"Red"

"A mixture of red hair, pep, and good fun."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Head Collector of B. A. A. (3) (4); Marshal (2) (3); Track (2) (3); Thyrsus Club (2).

If Red is in the room in which you study, you may be sure of having a lively study period.



RICHARD ADRIAN BARRETT

15 Glen Ave., Edgewood

"Dick"

"I am Sir Oracle."

B. A. A. (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (3) (4); Executive Committee (3); Student Council (4); Cranstonian Board (4).

Dick is known by his baggy trousers and his Franklin car.

THE CRANSTONIAN

THELMA BEATRICE BARTLAM

22 Woodbine St., Auburn

"Teddy"

"But to see her was to love her."

G. A. A. (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4); Student Council (2); Marshal (2); Captain (4); Girls' Glee Club (2); Library Circle (3).

There never was a more efficient "Captain-of-the-Marshals" than Thelma.



GERALD EDWARD BEANE

1428 Park Ave., Cranston

"Beanie"

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Thyrsus Club (2) (3); Orchestra (2) (3) (4); Assistant Class Treasurer (4); Secretary of Chemistry Club (4).

Gerald's two great interests in life are Chemistry and Cornet.

EVANGELINE MARY BLAIR

76 Westwood Ave., Edgewood

"Mazie"

"Come and trip it as ye go,

On the light fantastic toe."

G. A. A.; Thyrsus Club; Girls' Glee Club; Minstrel Show.

Mazie has helped to make our Minstrel Shows successful by her clever dancing.



ALICE MARGARET BOOKER

35 Valley St., Meshanticut Park

"Al"

"Her voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3).

The words that come to our mind when we say "Alice" are "friendliness," "good nature," and "the Park Theatre."



FAITH BORDEN

63 Marion Ave., Edgewood

"Faith"

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

G. A. A. (1) (2); Thyrsus Club (1) (2).

Faith is that tall, quiet girl who is seen by us all, but heard only by her intimate friends.



ELLEN CATHARINE BREWSTER

1 Greene St., Cranston

"Ellen"

"For she was just the quiet kind Whose nature never varies."

G. A. A. (1).

Ellen is going to give some man an excellent stenographer.

THE CRANSTONIAN

SIDNEY EARL BUNKER

352 Smith St., Edgewood

"Sid" "Bunk"

"As an actor confess'd without rival to shine."

B. A. A. (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (4); Chemistry Club (4); President (4); Student Council (4); Vice-President of Class (4); *Cranstonian* Board (4).

Sydney seems to be always busy and always in a hurry.



VIOLA MAY BURDETT

14 Cedar St., Cranston

"Vi" "Y"

"When found, make note of."

Girl Reserves (3) (4).

Viola's gentle nature seems well fitted for her chosen career—that of religious worker with children.

CHARLES RALPH CAPACE

525 Niantic Ave., Cranston

"Charlie"

"A fine little fellow, honest, intelligent, and kind."

B. A. A. (1) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (4); Student Council (3); Library Circle (4).

Charlie is a "scholar and a gentleman."



MILDRED CAPACE

525 Niantic Ave., Cranston

"Mill" "Millie"

"Quiet lass, I wish I knew

Just what treasures hide in you."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Girls' Glee Club (2).

Mildred, with her readiness to help everyone, has made many friends here.

EDWARD CESARE

186 Terrace Ave., Arlington

"Ed" "Ted" "Ned"

"There's mischief in this man."

B. A. A. (1) (2); Thyrsus Club (1) (2); Minstrel Show (1) (2).

Ed is one of the rare beings not afraid to talk in class meetings.



CLIFTON FREMONT CHAPPELLE

65 Oak St., Cranston

"Clif" "Chapple"

"Silence is one of the virtues of the wise."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4).

Clifton is another of our classmates who is known for his silence.

THE CRANSTONIAN

BARBARA ETHEL CHASE
6 Aurora Ave., Edgewood
"Barbs"

"Her hair was not more sunny than her heart."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Student Council (1); Marshal (2) (3); Good English League (1).

Barbara seems to scatter cheer wherever she goes.



GRACE ALMY COLLINS
50 Ferncrest Ave., Edgewood
"Pete" "Gracie"

"Those who paint her truest, praise her most."

Marshal (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Orchestra (1) (2).

Grace always seems to enjoy herself wherever she goes and whatever she does.



ETHEL CONKLIN
27 Villa Ave., Edgewood
"Et"

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Chemistry Club (4); Marshal (4); Baseball (1) (2) (3).

Ethel excels in baseball and marshalling.



ISABELL DANEKER
53 Circuit Drive, Edgewood
"Belle"

"She's all my fancy painted her."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (4); Vice-President (4); President of Girls' Glee Club (4); Student Council (4); Marshal (4); Class Vice-President (4); Home Room Vice-President (3); Cranstonian Board (Business Manager) (4).

Isabel, business manager of the Cranstonian, is our prize business woman.



DORIS MILLER DEMING
236 Pawtuxet Ave., Edgewood
"Doris"

"How pure at heart and sound in head."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4); Cranstonian Board (4); R. I. Honor Society 1926.

Of Doris' many good qualities, the three that we most appreciate are cheerfulness, dependability, and willingness to help all.



WILLIAM DONAHUE
115 Beckworth St., Auburn
"Dinny" "Bill"

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

B. A. A. (3) (4); Hockey (3) (4); Baseball (3) (4).

Bill always looks as if he had just heard a particularly funny joke, and had not quite finished laughing.



THE CRANSTONIAN



SHIRLEY PERRY DORE
206 Montgomery Ave., Edgewood
"Shirl"

"Sweetness and truth and every grace."

G. A. A. (1) (2); Thyrsus Club (2).
Although most of us think that Shirley is an exceedingly quiet girl, her intimate friends say that there are none livelier.

HOWARD ANDREW DROITCOUR
152 Grand Ave., Edgewood
"Howie"

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Student Council (4); Marshal (4); Hockey (3); Track (1) (2) (3) (4); Captain (4); President of Room 12 (4); Class Treasurer (3); Secretary Room 12 (3); Football (3) (4); R. I. Honor Society 1925. Howard broke the interscholastic vaulting record during his Junior year.



CLARK THEODORE EVANS
117 Franklin Ave., Arlington
"Clark"

*"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."*

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4).
Clark is the jester of our class.

EDWIN WALTER FARRELL
26 Maple St., Cranston
"Ed"

"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

Marshal (3); Room Vice-President (4); Treasurer (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1926.

Ed is a conscientious, dependable, enthusiastic student.



MARY FRANCES JOSEPHINE FLEMMING
192 Smith St., Edgewood
"Mary"

*"The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd."*

Mary is a tall, stately girl—friendly to everyone.

VERNA EVELYN FOLLETT
Howard
"V"

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed,
Your substance and your birthright are."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); President (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Chairman Program Committee (4); Glee Club (3); Class Secretary (3); Library Circle (4); Student Council (4); Cranstonian Board (4); Basketball (3) (4); Minstrel Show (3); Octave Club (3) (4); R. I. Honor Society 1926; Chemistry Club (4); Marshal (4).

Look at Verna's list of activities, and see how we have depended on her to keep every club alive.



THE CRANSTONIAN

RUTH BOWERS GRANT

790 Park Ave., Auburn

"Teddy" "Ruthie"

"It's guid to be merry and wise,

It's guid to be honest and true."

Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Orchestra (2) (3).

Ruth is a girl of many talents, excelling in dancing, drawing, and playing the violin.



GEORGE HARRIS HAINES, JR.

268 Narragansett St., Edgewood

"George"

"Those who know thee not, no words can paint;

And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Track (2) (3) (4); Football (3) (4); Manager (3); Hockey (4); Board of Control (4); Marshal (2) (3) (4); Home Room President (3).

George is our cleverest artist.



CHARLOTTE LOUISE HALLERAN

6 Washington Ave., Arlington

"Charlotte"

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President (3) (4); Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (3) (4); Minstrel Show (4).

Charlotte has been a star player on our basketball team for two years.



HAROLD HERMAN HENN

249 Woodbine St., Auburn

"Harold"

"Anything for a quiet life."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Board of Control (4); Football (2) (3) (4); Track (4).

Harold has been a football star for three years.



HAZEL FRANCES HILL

1200 Pontiac Ave., Howard

"Hazel"

"Infinite riches in a little room."

G. A. A. (1) (2).

Hazel is a "good thing in a small package."



VERA MILDRED HILL

1200 Pontiac Ave., Howard

"V" "Fido"

"Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,

There is mischief in every dimple."

G. A. A. (1) (2).

Vera has the distinction of being the smallest member of our class.



THE CRANSTONIAN

HELEN MARIAN HINES

Brayton Ave., Oak Lawn

"Helen"

*"A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial coaxing way she had."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4); Girl Reserves (4); Octave Club (3) (4); Chemistry Club (4).

Helen is interested in every school activity—from a football game to a Girl Reserve supper.



HOWARD RAYMOND HODSDON

776 Park Ave., Auburn

"Howie"

*"In every work, or great, or small,
'Tis industry supports us all."*

Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Baseball (2) (3) (4); Football (Manager) (4); Representative to League (3); Marshal (2) (4); Room President (3); Minstrel Show (3) (4).
Howie was born to be a manager.



HELENA PATRICIA HOGAN

34 Grant Ave., Arlington

"Helen"

*"It's the song ye sing, and the smile
ye wear
That's a-makin' the sunshine every-
where."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Glee Club (1) (3); Marshal (2); Student Council (3) (4); Secretary-Treasurer (3) (4); Class President (3) (4); Basketball (3); Cranstonian Board (4); Room Secretary (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Executive Committee (4); Minstrel Show (3); R. I. Honor Society 1926.

For four years, Helen has been the silver lining to all our dark clouds.



EARL GORDON HUGHES

46 Prospect St., Auburn

"Hughesy"

"For every why, he had a wherefore."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4).

Earl was one of the brightest stars in Mr. Bosworth's Latin class.

HELEN FLORENCE HYLAND

134 Arnold Ave., Edgewood

"Heinie"

*"Devoted, generous, void of guile,
And with her whole heart's welcome
in her smile."*

G. A. A. (1) (4); Thyrsus Club (4); Thrift Cashier, Room 13 (4); R. I. Honor Society 1926.

Helen was the first thrift cashier to bring her room to one hundred per cent banking.



OLIVE BERTHA JENKINSON

2 Washington Avenue

"Jinks"

"So light of feet, so light of spirit."

G. A. A. (2) (3); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4).

At lunch, Olive has often saved our lives with her ever-ready box of candy.

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EVELYN KALAJIAN
610 Laurel Hill Ave., Cranston
"Ev"
*"Bid me discourse; I will enchant
thine ear."*

If it were possible, we would "put away a little ray of sunshine for a rainy day"—and use Ev as the sunshine.



LOUIS KALAJIAN
610 Laurel Hill Ave., Arlington
"Chick"
"Blessings on thee, little man."
B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Chemistry Club (4).
Chick has two hobbies—just talking and arguing.



MARY AGNES KELLY
1428 Park Ave., Cranston
"Kel" "May"
*"A life that moves to gracious ends
Thro' troops of unrecording friends."*
G. A. A. (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Chemistry Club (4); Vice-President (4); Student Council (3); Library Circle (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1926.
A better student, or a better friend than Mary cannot be found.



GRACE RUTH KING
85 Englewood Ave., Edgewood
"Sport"
"Happiness consists in activity."
G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Chairman of Hiking Committee (3); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Basketball (2) (3) (4); Manager (3); Captain (4); Marshal (3); Orchestra (3) (4); Minstrel Show (1) (3) (4); Room Vice-President (4); Octave Club (4); Vice-President (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Maqua Delegate (3); Library Circle (3) (4); Chairman (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1926; Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4); Chemistry Club (4).
Grace is the best basketball forward Cranston has ever had.



CATHERINE ESTELLE MACKAY
123 Wollaston St., Auburn
"Kitty"
*"And her modest answer and graceful
air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*
G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (1) (2); Secretary (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Marshal (2) (3) (4); Vice-President of Room (4); Basketball (1) (2) (3); Captain (3); Cranstonian Board (4); R. I. Honor Society 1925.
Although Kitty is no bigger than Hop o' My Thumb, she is an athlete, an actress, a good student, and a business woman.



RUTH ELIZABETH MARTIN
305 Wellington Ave., Auburn
"Ruth"
*"There is majestic grandeur in
tranquillity."*
G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (4); Minstrel Show (4).
Ruth will certainly have a soothing and heartening effect on the sick folk that she is planning to heal.

THE CRANSTONIAN

ELSA MATILDA MAERTENS
113 Bluff Ave., Edgewood
"El" "El-El"

"She smiled and the shadows departed."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Girls' Glee Club (2) (3) (4); Student Council (2); Marshal (3) (4); Class Secretary (4); Octave Club (4); R. I. Honor Society 1926.

Elsa enjoys a varied career. She takes English for fun; she assists as clerk to the Principal; and every little while she trots about the globe for a rest.



GLADYS FRANCES MAY
12 Pendleton St., Cranston
"Gladys"

"She seems as happy as a wave That dances on the sea."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

For four years, Gladys has been one of our staunchest football and baseball fans.



LOUISE MARY McNAMARA
40 Westward Ave., Edgewood
"Lou"

"The April's in her eyes."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Vice-President (4); Class Vice-President (3); Marshal (3) (4); Home Room Secretary (4); Minstrel Show (4).

Louise's hair, eyes, and smile are the envy of every girl.



EDITH LUELLA MUMFORD
Hope
"Edy" "Eddie"

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Thyrsus Club (2); Glee Club (3).

Edith firmly believes that "Silence is golden".



BARBARA EDITH NICHOLS
63 Oakland Ave., Eden Park
"Barbara"

"A good mind possesses a kingdom."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); R. I. Honor Society 1926; Kingston Chemistry Contest (3).

Although Barbara seldom speaks, we all listen when she does.



LAURA EMMA NYE
940 Park Ave., Auburn
"Larry"

"Somewhat slender, always in style, A little flirtatious all the while."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Membership Committee (3) (4); Minstrel Show (1); Room Secretary (4); Student Council (4).

Laura is an accomplished musician, a talented actress, and an enthusiastic supporter of every school activity.

THE CRANSTONIAN

ERLING BORGE OWREN
79 Massasoit Ave., Edgewood
"Erl" "Blondy"

*"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."*

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Football (3) (4); Captain (4); Track (3); Marshal (3) (4); Captain (4); Vice-Chairman Student Council (4); President of Room 17 (4).

Erling has shown his qualities of leadership in executing the duties of captain of the marshals, and captain of the football team.



MILTON LITTLEFIELD
PATTERSON

160 Columbia Ave., Edgewood
"Pat"

"The applause! The delight! The wonder of our stage."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Tennis Team Manager (3); Chairman Executive Committee (4); Golf Team (3) (4); Marshal (4); Hi-Y (3) (4); Student Council (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); President (4); Dramatic Division (3) (4).
Pat is an actor of no little talent.

NORMAN KELLER PETTIGREW
165 Bartlett Ave., Edgewood
"Norm"

*"Exceeding manfulness
And pure nobility of temperament."*

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Hockey (2) (3) (4); Captain (3) (4); Football (4); Marshal (4); Treasurer of Hi-Y (4).

For three years, Captain Norman has helped to keep our hockey team on top.



DORIS MARGARET POTTER
19 Fenner St., Auburn
"Dot"

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Room Vice-President (3).

Doris, because of her giggle and general good cheer, has won everyone's liking.



MIRIAM ELECTA POTTER
297 Doris Ave., Auburn
"Miriam"

"A young lady of huge spirits, and up to fun."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Marshal (4); Room Secretary (3).

Miriam is one of those people for whose happy presence we are always thankful.



MARY ELLEN QUINN
14 New Depot Ave., Arlington
"May"

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Kingston Chemistry Contest (4).

Mary is a Chemistry star.

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KINGSLEY BOWEN READ
1383 Narragansett Blvd., Edgewood
"King"

"O true in word, and tried in deed!"
B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Football (2) (3) (4); Track (3) (4); Manager of Baseball (3); Class President (3) (4); Student Council President (4); President of Hi-Y Club (4).

King has held more offices than a country politician.



HERBERT AARON ROSEFIELD
52 Wheeler Ave., Edgewood
"Rosie" "Herb"

"A very clever man by nature."
B. A. A. (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (2) (3) (4); Minstrel Show (2) (3) (4); Octave Club (3) (4); Treasurer (4); Tennis (Manager) (3); Cheer Leader (3) (4).

Cranston has never had a snappier cheer leader than Herb.



ELEANOR SARA RYDBERG
62 New London Ave., Oak Lawn
"Eleanor"

"Nothing great is ever accomplished without enthusiasm."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Dramatic Division (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); Minstrel Show (3); Marshal (4); Library Circle (4); Cranstonian Board (Editor-in-Chief) (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1926; Room Vice-President (4).

Faithfulness combined with jollity means Eleanor.



WILLIAM GREENOUGH SCHOFIELD

8 Salisbury St., Edgewood
"Bill" "Sko"

*"My tongue within my lips I reign;
For who talks much must talk in vain."*

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Octave Club (3); Minstrel Show (3); Class Treasurer (3); Class Secretary (4).

Bill's motto is, "Deeds—not words."



BARBARA LAVON SCHROEDER
173 Wheeler Ave., Edgewood
"Bob"

*"A pensive maid, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Barbara has three attributes: beauty, grace, and charm.



NORMAN EDWARD SEARLE
996 Pontiac Ave., Pettaconsett
"Norman"

"Silence is become his mother tongue."
B. A. A. (4); Chemistry Club (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1926.

Norman recently brought honor to Cranston by winning first prize in an essay contest conducted by the R. I. Chemical Society.

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HARRIET EVA SEELEN
1315 Cranston St., Arlington
"Hat" "Hattie"



"I paint the world in colors gay."
G. A. A. (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club
(2) (3) (4); Girl Reserves (3)
(4); Library Circle (4); Chemistry
Club (4); Treasurer (4).

Hat makes herself useful wherever
she is.



VIRGINIA SHABECK
153 Norwood Ave., Edgewood
"Ginger" "Ginny"

"Still to be powdered, still perfumed."
As proof of her good judgment, we
state that Virginia transferred from
Classical to Cranston two years ago.

ERNEST GILBERT SILVEN
74 Oakland Ave., Eden Park
"Gill" "Kid"



*"A lion among the ladies is a most
dreadful thing."*
B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Hockey (4).
Gillie is "hail - fellow - well - met" !
throughout the school.



HERBERT JOHN SMITH, JR.
15 Cedar St., Cranston
"Herb"

"Worth makes the man."
B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus
Club (1) (2) (3) (4).
Herb abounds in energy and enthu-
siasm.

MARY AGNES SMITH
294 Auburn St., Auburn
"Mary"



*"Her charms strike the sight,
Her merits win the soul."*
G. A. A. (4); Thyrsus Club (3); Girl
Reserves (4).

What should we do if we could not
call on Mary when we want to be
cheered up, or when we want some
artistic printing done?



MURIEL SOPHIA SMITH
167 Woodbine St., Auburn
"Muriel"

"I go my way silently among you."
G. A. A. (1) (2); Thyrsus Club (1)
(2) (3) (4); Girls' Glee Club (2).
Muriel takes great interest in the
Camp Fire Girls.

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WINIFRED SPOONER

13 Blackamore Ave., Eden Park

"Win" "Winnie"

*"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Winifred believes in getting all the fun out of life.



DOROTHY GRACE STEVENS

2 Lowell St., Arlington

"Dot"

*"There is somebody staunch and true,
Who is always around when there's work to do."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (3); Chemistry Club (4); Octave Club (4).

Dorothy is a sincere girl—especially interested in music.

CHARLES STROBL

530 Laurel Hill Ave., Arlington

"Charles"

"A studious, bashful fellow."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4).

Charles is sincere and studious.



THEODORA MAY TAYLOR

16 Grace St., Auburn

"Dora" "Dot"

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

Dora is always friendly and cheerful.

FLORENCE MARJORIE THOMSON

1355 Park Ave., Knightsville

"Margy"

*"Her for the studious shade kind
Nature formed."*

Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Marshal (3); Student Council (3) (4); Secretary Room 10 (3); R. I. Honor Society 1926.

Marjorie's classmates have shown their confidence in her wisdom and judgment by twice electing her to the Student Council.



JOHN HARDMAN WALKER

1030 Narragansett Blvd., Edgewood

"Jack"

"An industrious man's the noblest work of God."

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Track (3) (4); Library Circle (4); Cranstonian Board (4); Minstrel Show (4).

John holds the double position of Cranstonian typist and class tease.

THE CRANSTONIAN

MARION WHEATON WALKER

9 Harding Ave., Edgewood
"Red" "Freckles"

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (3) (4); Library Circle (4); Thrift Cashier (4).

Two words aptly describe Marion—"industry" and "good nature".



RAYMOND HENRY WARK

161 Narragansett St., Edgewood
"Mickey"

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere."

Orchestra (1) (2).

Ray's dependability and earnestness remind us of Calvin Coolidge.

DORIS LILLIAN WARNER

234 Beckworth St., Auburn
"Doris"

"A shy face is better than a forward heart."

Thyrsus Club (1).

Doris is a faithful student—known for her gentle voice.



AUDREY GLADYS MAUD WATSON

45 Sylvan Ave., Edgewood
"Audrey"

"Mischievous, thou art afoot!"

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Class Secretary (3); Marshal (3); Student Council (4); Library Circle (4); Girl Reserves (3) (4); R. I. Honor Society, 1925.

Audrey is a lively girl, very fond of mischief making.

HOPE ALLEN WEBSTER

57 Highland St., Meshanticut Park
"Webbie"

"Sing away sorrow; cast away care."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3); Girl Reserves (3); Marshal (3).

Hope is the only one of us who designs and makes her own jewelry.



WEBSTER CHASE WHITMAN

65 Lawrence St., Arlington
"Whit"

*"In praise and in dispraise the same—
A man of well attempered frame."*

B. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Minstrel Show (Manager) (3).

Tune in some evening and hear Webster with the rest of the "Waikiki Four" play a tune or two.

THE CRANSTONIAN

MARGARET WILKINSON
38 Hillwood Ave., Arlington

"Peggy"

"Slow and steady wins the race."

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

For three years, Margaret's baseball playing has helped win our Field Day.



DOROTHY FRANCES WOLF

74 Sefton Drive, Edgewood

"Dot" "Woffie"

*"Always happy, never glum,
She makes a bright and cheerful chum."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4).

If you could see Dot getting *Cranstonian* ads, you would know that she is fated to be a salesman.



EDITH MAY WOODBURY

90 Oakland Ave., Eden Park

"Edith"

*"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming
darling she."*

G. A. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Thyrsus Club (1) (2) (3) (4); Marshal (3); Nominating Committee (3); R. I. Honor Society, 1926; Room Secretary (4).

Edith, with her prize-winning dimples, proves the maxim that "A dimple in the chin means devilry within".

Seniors, 4 B



VIDA ANDREWS
*Student Council
Representative*

J. MILLS, *Treasurer*
L. HORTON
President

L. PHILLIPS, *Secretary*
R CUMMINGS
Vice-President

EUNICE STUBBS
*Chairman
of Executive Committee*

Coming Down in 1937

It is thought that when a person is drowning, his past appears before his eyes. I underwent a somewhat similar instance when I fell from my aeroplane when it was sailing at an altitude of forty thousand feet. Incidentally, forty thousand feet is a new record which I made and which I think will never be broken—that is, until some one comes along who has higher ambitions.

I was gliding along, trying vainly to think whether I had turned off the water in the bathtub before I left home, when suddenly my engine failed. In fact, it more than failed; it dropped out entirely. Next, I had the good fortune to encounter some sort of air current, and my machine was shattered into thousands of pieces. Believe me, it is terribly embarrassing to be forty thousand feet in the air—alone.

I began to regret certain things which I had done in life and vowed that if I had a chance to live my life over again, it would be entirely different. When I was meditating on these things, I had fallen nearly three thousand feet. Instantly I perceived that I must think faster in order to get everything in. Various notions of reform filtered through my mind, when I came upon the absorbing question, "What has happened to my classmates?"

By this time I was only thirty-five thousand feet from earth. I was going to strike a match when I remembered that I had left them home. Immediately, William Ferris was recalled. He was always forgetting to do his lessons. I figured that he was probably a master plumber. During this exhibition of memory I fell two thousand feet.

I wet my forehead as I oozed through a cloud, thus refreshing my memory. I called to mind William Greene. He, I thought, is selling real estate in Alaska. In fact, I remember the authorities caught him once selling fans to Eskimaux. I was now one thousand five hundred feet nearer my destination.

A hailstone hit me on the back of the head. I recognized this as a sign from Robert Cummings. He was always slapping people on the back. I bet myself two matches against a cracked button that he was a masseur in a Turkish bath.

Computations on the back of an envelope revealed that I was two thousand feet nearer home.

I next encountered a snow flurry. I cleverly recognized this as the memory of Damiano Pagliarini; it was so different. He was never flurried, and,

I safely prophesied, was now a senator from Rhode Island.

Going downward head first was most distressing. I wished some one would say, "Halt, that is a one-way passage!" Almost immediately I remembered Hope Pettey and Veda Andrews, true exponents of law and order, both, I supposed, superintendents of police women.

It now thundered on my left, a sign of luck. With consummate ease I was reminded, by contrast, of Angelo Dimuccio. Although he had won fame as a chemist, he was most unlucky in his choice of automobiles, as they had a tendency to fall apart, as did his ancient bicycle. The result was that he had thousands of spare parts scattered about in various locations, but no car.

The next incident which served as a reminder was quite remarkable. I fell through a rainstorm and my coat shrank, becoming much too small. The word "small" instantaneously brought to my mind Henry Cabana. From his brilliant classroom work I concluded that he had become a great critic of literature.

I added distances which I had fallen and discovered that I had merely fifteen thousand feet to fall.

The smiling sun now scorched the back of my neck. I thought of the smiling face of Lloyd Phillips, a dentist by nature. I was now falling faster than ever. In fact, if I had not defied scientific law, I should have landed before. Faces appeared before my eyes. I saw Eunice Stubbs, a famous singer; Raphael Marinari, a Latin professor; James Mills, an opulent business man; and many others.

I landed with a horrible smash, and when I looked for my body the

next morning, I could not find a trace. I appeal to your good judgment. Could anything be more embarrassing than to have killed one-

self before one has finished writing? However, after a long search, I did manage to recover my presence of mind.

Juniors, 3 A



W. PEARCE, *President*
MABEL CLOUGH *Student*
Council Representative
MARJORIE SPRAGUE
Treasurer

M. GOFF, *Chairman of Social Committee*
MARGHERITA SWENSON
Vice-President
MILDRED BROWN
Secretary

Reminiscences

"City Hall, formerly the old Cranston High School, to be torn down." This statement in the "Cranston News" caught my eye. The old Cranston High School! Well did I remember how we paraded down Park Avenue from the old to the new structure scarcely a block away. I wanted to see the old building again before its destruction, but remembering the car service from Pawtuxet to the High School, I decided not to go.

"I understand the City Hall is to be torn down." A voice interrupted my thought. I looked up and there stood Svea Peterson. Not the Svea of school days, but the Svea of motion picture fame.

"Let's go over to the City Hall, want to?" I readily assented and Pete drove me over to the old high school.

The wreckers had already been at work, for the doors were off and some of the partitions between the rooms were down. Pete and I rushed to the second floor. "Room 13," Svea laughed, "Remember in 3A, our puzzling over the themes of short stories?" Room 12 brought memories of irregular verbs and 11 of graphs. We went on recalling mem-

ories in every room. Down in the old library, whose partitions had been torn down, I picked up a piece of essay paper, yellow with age. Written in faded ink were the words, "Officers of 3A class, 1926." Together, Pete and I, read the list. "Warren Pearce, president."

"He is still showing his executive ability. Running for President of the United States," Pete said.

"Marghareta Swanson, vice-president." Dolly is now president of Wellesley. "Mildred Brown, secretary." Mildred is Warren's private secretary now. "Marjorie Sprague, treasurer." Marge is now the first woman treasurer of Rhode Island.

"Those students certainly made good," I said, "and look, 'Ethel Tubbs, chairman of the social committee.'" Tubby owns several sailing vessels. She loves the sea."

"Yes, and remember we gave the library money to buy books?" I asked. "We certainly were an active class. Remember our athletes, Kinky Pettigrew, Fred Cuddy, Eddie Ahern, Steve Hahn, Trice, and—" Suddenly a rumbling was heard. The walls were slowly crumbling.

"Pete!" I screamed, and then there was a final crash as I hit the floor. I had rolled out of bed.



DOROTHY COLLINS
Secretary

H. WHITE
Vice-President

HENRIETTA ROWLEY
*Chairman
of Social Committee*

BARBARA KENT
*Student Council
Representative*

LUCILLE HAHN
Treasurer

E. ANDREW
President

The Junior Climb

"At last we have arrived at this station we have looked forward to seeing," exclaimed a voice, as a large group of boys and girls alighted from a train which had toiled two whole years up the mountain of knowledge. Now it left its load of juniors at the station.

"Two more years of this pull and we shall be at the top of the hill," said Earl Andrew, president of the class.

"I have the tickets for the next train," said Hugh White, our vice-president, as he distributed those little white tickets known to the world as report cards.

"Here comes Maybelle Lemoi with a package. I wonder what it is," said Kathleen Hogan, the inquisitive.

She was answered by Anna Donahue, the laughing girl, who exclaimed, "Whatever it is, I hope it is something to eat."

"Sorry to disappoint you," said Maybelle. She tore the paper off the package and began to give each his passport to the world, in other words, his bank book. "Of course, if you are hungry when you get to the top of the hill, and are ready to jump into the world, you will have the means here to buy things to satisfy your hunger," spoke this wise girl, as she handed a passport to Anna.

"What are you going to do when you reach the top of the hill, Billson? Are you going to climb the hill called college or—" Eleanor Spencer was interrupted by Cesare.

"He is going to be an orator. You wait and see."

"I wonder what Maybelle will do," asked Marjorie Jenks.

"Oh, she will either be a cashier in some great bank, or perhaps she will be a famous pianist," answered Madeline Howe. "Shaw will probably be a policeman or something of the sort. He looks so distinguished with his marshal badge."

"Here comes the train. Get your tickets ready, everybody. It ought not to be a very sad journey with Maybelle Lemoi and Norden to play for us," shouted Edward Shaw.

The train gradually came to a stop and we all hastened to get aboard. With a puff and a pull, bearing its load of 3B classmen, slowly but surely, it is winding its way up the mountain of knowledge toward that shining goal, Diploma Peak. It is a long, long pull, but our 3B class will make it.



THE CRANSTONIAN



Class of June, '28

When the class of 1928 entered the doors of Cranston High School, Zeus called a council of the gods on Mount Olympus. When they were seated about him, he told them of a race of mortals on earth who were entering the house of learning for four long years, in order that they might enlarge their minds and know more of this world.

"Now," spoke Zeus, king of the gods, "these mortals are unlike any you have seen before, for they have latent within them many talents which are known only to us immortal gods, and these cannot be revealed to their fellow beings without our aid. So I ask you, royal gods and goddesses, to help these mortals show their greatest talent to their teachers in the house of learning."

Greatly moved by this speech, Pallas Athene rose and spoke to the assembly.

"O most royal Zeus, king of the gods, I herewith give Wisdom to these creatures that they may learn and be wise."

Then spoke Hermes, saying:

"I give the art of sport to these mortals. To kick the pigskin, to hurl the javelin, and to run the race shall be their delight."

Upon hearing this, Melpomene and Thalia spoke to the assembly:

"We, O Zeus, who represent drama, present these beings with the gift of acting, and may their words and actions ever be of pleasure to others."

The well-pleased Zeus again arose and addressed the assembly:

"O, ye immortals, I am well satis-

fied with your gifts; and to crown the mortals' treasures, I present them with the gift of service to mankind."

Two years have now passed since that assembly on Mount Olympus; and we shall see how the mortals have prospered by their gifts from the gods.

They have benefited greatly by Athene's gift, for many pupils of the Sophomore class are on the honor roll. Marguerite Williams, a Sophomore, has received the highest mark of all the students of Latin in the twenty-week tests.

Hermes' gift of sport is used by Ruth Droitcour, star guard on the basketball team; Sims and Potter, promising baseball players; and Sims, a member of the football squad.

The Muses' gift of drama is shown in Marguerite Williams, Burbank, Sims, and Smith, who are able to take both minor and major parts in the Thyrsus Club plays.

Marguerite Williams and Milton Sims have displayed Zeus' gift of service by being elected to the Student Council, and the Sophomore marshals have faithfully served the school. All have served, for it was the Sophomores of Rooms 1 and 4 who first followed the example of the Seniors in Room 13 and obtained 100 per cent of bank deposits.

Altogether it is the most remarkable class that ever shone in all the works of the school.

So we appeal to thee, O Zeus, to continue the gifts of the gods during our next and last two years in the house of learning. May the Fates be kind to us, and of us may you never hear ill!

Class of February, '29

While Travelling in 1950

I arrived at the Chicago Hangar just five minutes before the dirigible Providence started its journey to Australia. My luggage and I were hurriedly transported to my cabin and I had just regained my balance when whom did I see but my old pal, Rosalind Harrison. As secretary to the president of a large woolen mill she was going to Sydney to see about buying another sheep ranch. During the trip we talked about our school days, and as so many of our classmates had gained fame we decided to give you a little information about them.

Leonard Taber has successfully solved the trying problem of air traffic by stationing pilot and police planes along all air routes.

Helen Orr has a wonderful open-air kindergarten at Palm Beach, where she amuses fifty small children.

Prescott Laundrie is a great scientist whose name is worthy to be listed with Edison and Steinmetz.

Carol Coultas has started a revival of old-time dances by giving exhibitions of the Charleston and showing how much more respectable it is than some of the modern dances.

Henry Goulding has gone into the advertising business, and by posing for the Spur Tie Company has accumulated quite a fortune.

Josephine Leonard recently made her debut as a violinist at Carnegie Hall, New York.

Virginia Jojarian has also gained fame in the musical world as a pianist and is now on a world tour.

James Evans has a name known the world over as a football player with twice the popularity and fame of Red Grange.

Barry is at last where he belongs, having relieved Will Rogers of his position in the Ziegfield Follies.

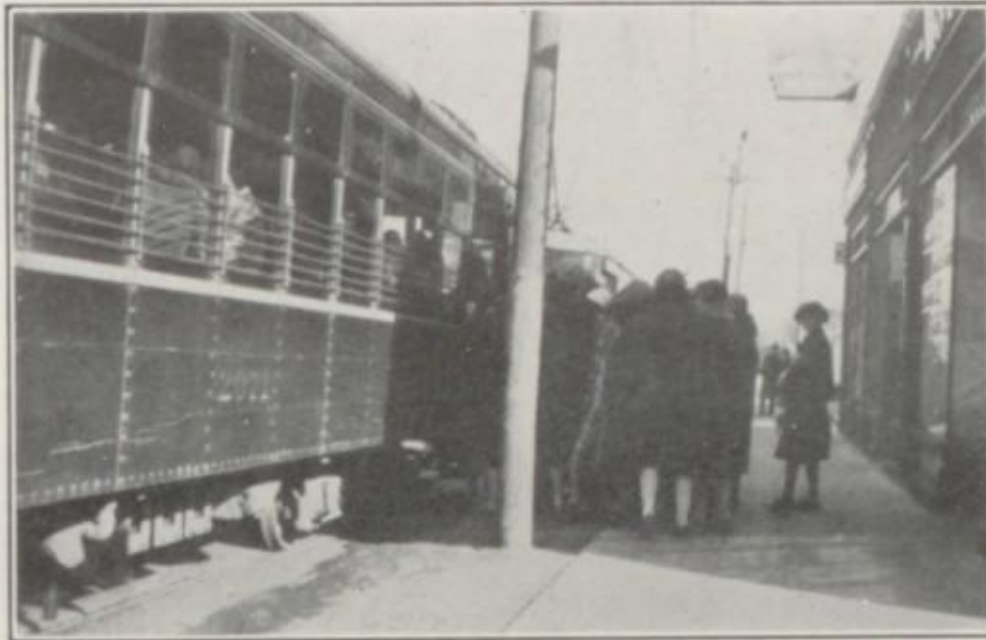
The sale of Dot Donle's latest mystery story, entitled "The Phantom Ford," has reached the ten million mark.

Albert Laurie's latest invention is a device by which windows, such as those in Rooms 24 and 25, may be opened and closed automatically.

Albert Twitchell's jazz orchestra is now in China, where he is entertaining the Emperor with some old favorites, such as "On the Bam Bam Bamby Shore" and "Down by the Winigar Woiks."

Homer Hunt, who is a great yachtsman, will race his ship, Mischief III, against the King of England's Resolute next month at Cowes, England.

There are many more classmates, whom we did not have time to talk about, as the Providence had reached Sydney, and we had to separate and go about our business. I was sorry that the trip was not longer that I might have had the pleasure of knowing more about our class at good old Cranston.



Class of '29

A Freshman's First Day at High School

In comes a Freshman. He shyly walks up to the Assembly Hall, takes a seat, and with a scared look upon his face, looks around for a familiar face. He spies one, but does not dare to make any motion of recognition.

In comes the Principal, who, after a few words, reads a list of names and tells him to follow a certain teacher. His name is read, he follows, and finds himself in a roomful of strangers. He takes a seat assigned to him by the teacher, and sits, half fearful of what will happen next.

A bell rings and he starts out on his first journey to find a room which the teacher has said is on the first floor. Almost everyone has found his room, while he still wanders along the corridors, and at last finds a door which stands open. What shall he do? At last he gains courage to walk in, and finds a 1A history class going on. Blushingly he asks where Room

6 is, and amid suppressed laughter from the pupils is directed to Room 6. He at last finds it, walks in, takes a seat, and is asked his name. After what seems a year, another bell rings and he starts out on another terrible journey with a little better luck than the first, and so on until his lunch period arrives. Among a crowd of others he proceeds to eat his lunch.

The afternoon passes without much difficulty until the last period, during which he is called upon to answer a question. Blushingly he arises and stammers out something, for he feels that all eyes are upon him, and is sure that the giggling girls in the back of the room are making fun of him. He wishes the floor would open and he would go through never to come up again.

At last school is dismissed and the first day is over.

"Oh! Boy! What a Grand and Glorious Feeling!"

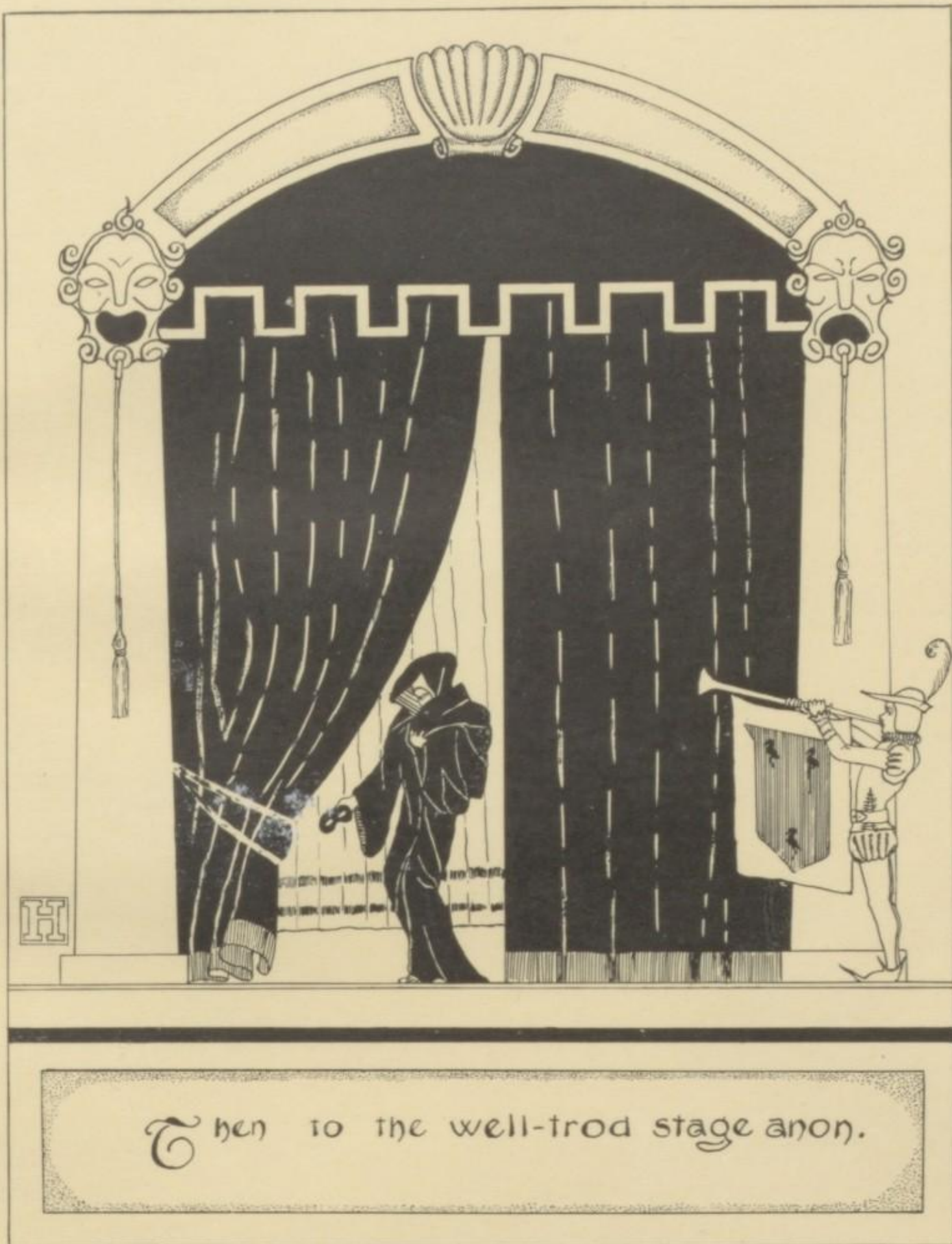
Alarm Clocks

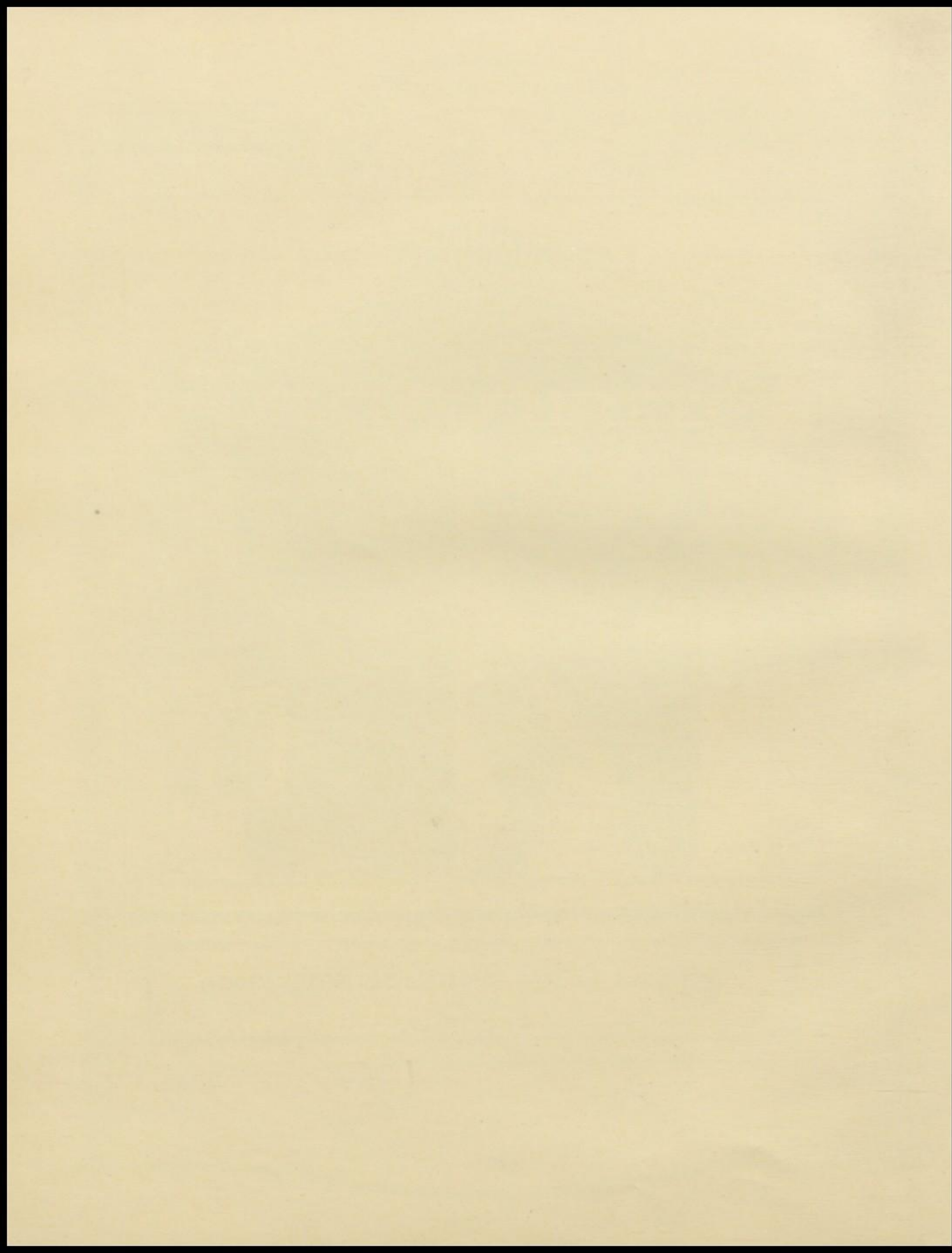
A wild racket, as if the universe were falling—a madly spinning dizziness in eternity—a terrific dominant uproar—confusion—pandemonium—and at last a bit of realization in a sleep-benumbed brain. Hurry,

frantic fumbling haste—and still that din in the reverberating vaults of Heaven. A groping, instinctive clutch—a lucky stumble backwards into bed. Peace.



Have you ever
Come home from school
With every intention to study English,
When Grace or Fred or maybe Jack
called up
And wanted to come over—
And in spite of the family's protests,
You said Yes,
And he came?
Then, likewise, English hour came
next day,
And with it a panicky feeling;
So you decided then and there
Really to study next time.
Have you?
Well, so have I.
And did you?
The rest is silence.





THE CRANSTONIAN



CHARLES RALPH CAPACE
DORIS MILLER DEMING
EDWIN WALTER FARRELL
VERNA EVELYN FOLLETT
HELEN PATRICIA HOGAN
HELEN FLORENCE HYLAND
MARY AGNES KELLY

GRACE RUTH KING
ELSA MATILDA MAERTENS
BARBARA EDITH NICHOLS
ELEANOR SARA RYDBERG
NORMAN EDWARD SEARLE
FLORENCE MARJORIE THOMSON
EDITH MAY WOODBURY

THE CRANSTONIAN

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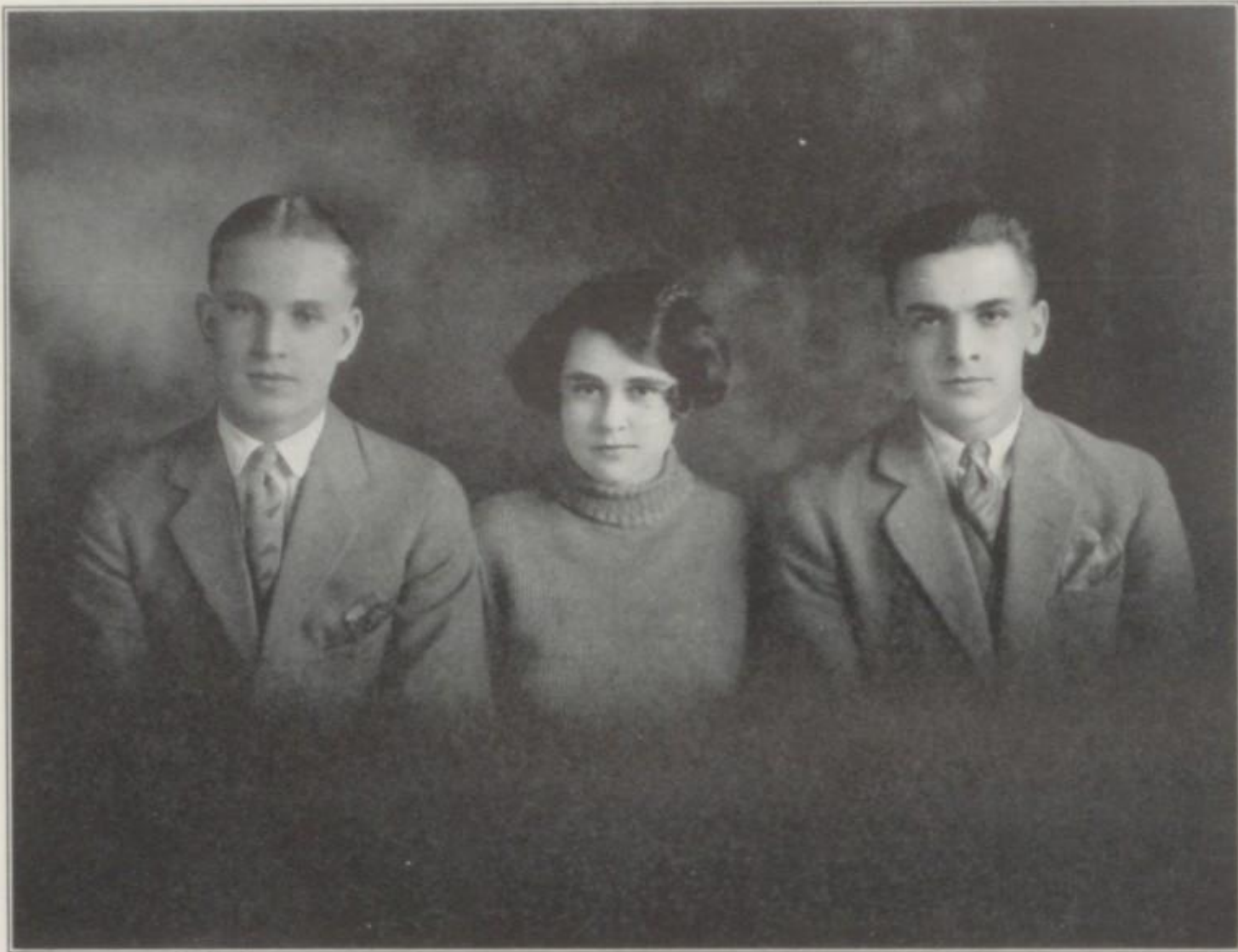
M. Madeleine Kane

B. Chase '26

THE CRANSTONIAN



LEFT TO RIGHT—S. BUNKER, J. WALKER, V. FOLLET, A. WATSON, H. DROITCOUR, R. BARRETT
I. DANEKER, K. MacKAY, MISS KANE, E. RYDBERG, MISS CARPENTER, H. HOGAN, D. DEMING.



OFFICERS STUDENT COUNCIL
E. OWREN H. HOGAN K. READ

Student Council

The Student Council of 1925 has been continuing its good works, and has just completed one of its most successful seasons. For the first time, it started the new semester with a greatly increased number of members, this increase resulting from an amendment to the Constitution adopted late last semester. At its first meeting, the following officers were elected to

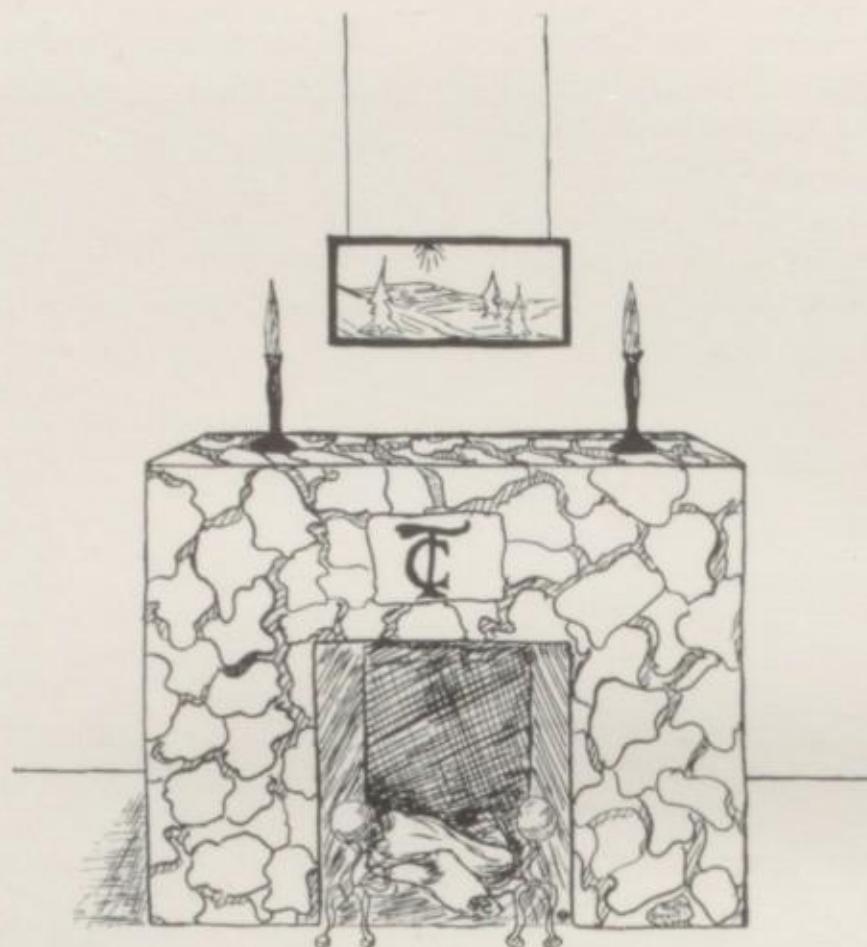
serve for the coming semester: Chairman, Kingsley Read; Vice-Chairman, Erling Owren; and Secretary-Treasurer, Helen Hogan. During the year the Council received many petitions, both from students and classes, which were carried out satisfactorily. Marshals were elected, and many laws which were for the interest of the school and its students

were passed. As usual, the Council sponsored the class elections, which were carried out exactly like state or city elections. Another great accomplishment of the year was the installation of the seven-period day, the system now in vogue at the high school.

More and more the school is learning to appreciate the Student Council, and the co-operation of the students of the school is daily giving more assurance that it will soon become a permanent organization.



VOTING IN THE HALL



Thyrsus Club

The annual Thyrsus Club play was over, another success added to the already long list. Crossing the street, I suddenly remembered that I had left my silk scarf behind in the hall. I hurried back into the darkened building. As I stole quietly into the assembly hall and groped about in the darkness, I thought I heard a weird murmur. I stopped! I trembled! There it was again! Out of the darkness it spoke:

"Farewell, Seniors of the Thyrsus Club, farewell. I wonder if you will think as you pass on of the old fireplace. I have served you faithfully through the four years of your school life, and the school life of the others who have passed before you. Little

do you realize how very faithful I have been.

"I have greeted many of your officers as they came upon the stage. Only this year I was present when ex-President Winifred Fitts announced that the officers for 1926 were: Milton Patterson, President; Louise McNamara, Vice-President; William Moody, Treasurer; and last, smallest but certainly not least, Catherine MacKay, Secretary.

"In all the years that I served this famous club, they forgot my existence only twice. Last year, although I didn't take part, I observed Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh from my hiding place, and I agreed with the audience that Ethel Tubbs will be a famous



MISS MILLIKEN
CATHERINE MacKAY

PAT PETTINGILL
M. PATTERSON

W. MOODY
LOUISE McNAMARA

actress. I chuckle every time I think of Patricia Pettingell as a maid and Russell Boss as a butler. I was not at all surprised when I heard of Alvan Anderson's dramatic success at Rhode Island State College. Had I not admired his ability many times?

"Many times I, too, have received a most important part, especially at Christmas time, for what is Christmas without a fireplace and Santa Claus? This year I was disguised by a red tissue cover. Perhaps I fooled the Freshmen, but I feel sure

all others knew me as the same old fireplace. I liked the Christmas play, 'Reverie,' because I had a tree, beautifully decorated, near me for comfort. In this play I rejoiced to meet again my old friend, Earnest Barnes, appearing as a stern ex-Governor. I also made the acquaintance of three new friends: Margaret Marshall, Lawrence Burbank, and Milton Sims.

"The boy in 'The Reverie' saw pictures in my flames; I, too, in my reverie see memories of famous plays, famous actors, a famous club, and a famous old high school."



The Annual Play

"Clarence," a four-act comedy by Booth Tarkington, was the play chosen by the Thyrsus Club for its annual dramatization this year. Under the efficient business manager, William Moody, and his assistant, Richard Brinkerhoff, the play was very ably given in the Grand Army Hall, Bristol, May 12, and in the High School Hall, April 30.

The attractiveness of the stage was due to the stage managers, Warren Pearce and Henry Wise; and the property committee, Catherine MacKay, manager.

The play depicts the home life of a modern American family, much of the merriment being caused by the

quarrels between Cora and Bobby Wheeler. Clarence, a wounded private, obtains employment at the Wheeler home and straightens out matters. The huge audience followed with interest the fortunes of Clarence throughout the play.

The cast, some of whom are pictured above, was as follows:

Clarence	Robert Marshall
Violet Pinney	Laura Nye
Cora Wheeler	Olive Eastwood
Bobby Wheeler	Milton Patterson
Mr. Wheeler	Kingsley Read
Mrs. Wheeler	Charlotte Griffin
Hubert Stein	Richard Barrett
Della	Thelma Bartlam
Dinwiddie	Milton Sims
Mrs. Martyn	Myrtle Andersen



School Banking

When school opened in September, there were so many things to be done that banking was neglected. A few faithful ones, who had school bank accounts and the money, dutifully deposited their savings on the first bank day. Tuesdays came and Tuesdays went; but, by the majority of the students, banking was ignored.

Then, suddenly, in each home room organization, a new office was created, that of thrift cashier, whose duty it was to take charge of the room's banking. The cashiers were duly elected and called to a meeting

by Mr. Hefler. They were instructed in the art of the duties of a cashier and in that of urging the members of their rooms to start school bank accounts. They grew very enthusiastic over the idea; and each Tuesday the percentage of the number of bankers in the school gradually rose.

In order to make the idea a little more attractive, a contest between the rooms began. A chart, designating each room with a different colored ribbon, was put above the bulletin board in the lower corridor. Each week the percentages of the rooms

were marked off by the ribbons. Then a national, a federal, and a twilight league were formed. The eight rooms having the highest percentage constituted the national league; the other rooms, the federal; and the afternoon session, the twilight league. The pupils grew interested in the drives, and showed their loyalty by trying to help their rooms reach the one hundred per cent goal. At Christmas time, a fireplace, from which hung two stockings, was drawn on the bulletin board, and the thrift cashiers urged everyone to help fill one of the stockings with pledges to bank on the Tuesday before Christmas. When one had been filled, the other was to be used for the one hundred per cents which the rooms reached. Each day the number of pledges was recorded on the board; and on the bank day in Christmas week, one room attained one hundred per cent, and other rooms rose toward the top. Thrift

slogans and limericks increased the number of depositors. Much credit is due to the teachers, who helped with suggestions. Finally, two more rooms reached the one hundred per cent mark; and a few others were in the nineties; while still others continued to raise their ribbons.

During Thrift Week, a committee, with the aid of Mr. Hefler, planned a program for Friday morning, which stressed the fact that school banking is very important. The most enjoyable part of the program was a talk given by Mr. Hefler, in which we discovered that he was an amusing and delightful advertiser. Because of the thought and time which Mr. Hefler gives, the devoted help which the teachers give, the enthusiasm of the thrift cashiers, and the sportsmanship of the students, more than fifty per cent of the pupils of Cranston High School are banking at the date of this writing.



HELEN HYLAND



MR. HEFLER

THE CRANSTONIAN



ORCHESTRA MEMBERS

Violins

John Barnatowich
Clinton Billson
Annie Boyle
Michael DeLorenzo
Stanley Fitts
Edna Follett
Milton Frazier
Eunice Greenlees

William Garrie
James Hamilton
Frances La Cross
Josephine Leonard
Raymond McManus
Lowell Merrill, concert master
J. Hayden Moody
William Moody

Dorothy Nilson
Hugo Norden
Henry Paine
Robert Paine
Gertrude Sullivan
Carl Sverka
Margaret Thurber
Albert Twitchell

Cellos

Raymond Magliola

Alfreda Moody

Saxaphones

Milton Goff
Walter Martin

Sumner Tanner
Winston Thrasher

Cornets

Herbert Anderson
Gerald Beane

Homer Hunt
Nicholiaccio Migliaccio

Drums

Walter Haven

Piano

Arnold Skoog

Banjo-mandolin

Grace King



Octave Club

The Octave Club, though not very large in the number of members, has high hopes of becoming one of the leading organizations of the school. The influence of this club—the first of its kind in the state—has already been felt in other schools, for the West Warwick High School has now formed a musical club based on our constitution.

Our monthly programs have been both entertaining and beneficial. At our November meeting, Miss Elsie Bruce, Supervisor of Music in the West Warwick High School, gave a talk on the "Origin of the Troubadours and Our Modern Troubadours," and a student from that school sang several tenor solos. At

our December meeting, we listened to a group of children's songs by Miss Hill, Supervisor of Music at the Warwick High School. Of course, our own members displayed their talents at our meetings, and often the orchestra and Girls' Glee Club entertained. However, the most important event of the year took place at the January meeting, when MacDowell week was celebrated in the musical world. We entertained the newly formed West Warwick Club and the Junior Chaminade Club of Providence. Reports on MacDowell's life by our members and various selections on the piano and harp by members of the MacDowell Club of Providence made up the program.



The Girls' Glee Club

At the beginning of the semester, the elections by the fifteen members of the Glee Club were as follows: President, Isabell Daneker; Secretary, Svea Peterson.

Lucky are they who have third period free and are able to join the Glee Club. This club is different from regular subjects, excepting elective subjects, in that it is not compulsory. But one period a week at the Glee Club is not only for pleasure, as some seem to think, but for the

training of our voices. We have had two opportunities to show its progress: once at the Monday morning Assembly, and again on Parents' Night. After this exhibition, compliments were received from many in the audience, which rightfully belong to Miss McInerney and her accompanist, Miss Pine. Also, selected groups of girls from the Glee Club have taken part in the programs of the Octave Club.

Let every girl who can and will, join us.



Girl Reserves

The Girl Reserves is a world-wide club organized in almost every high school throughout the United States. The Y. W. C. A. in each city is its guide.

As many times as possible during the year, our club tries to do something for Cranston. To celebrate the Christmas of 1924, we gave a Christmas party to some of the poorest little children of Cranston, at the invitation of Miss Gould, the head of the District Nursing Association. There was a Christmas tree; and Santa Claus came to distribute toys. After that the children played with the toys, and we served ice cream and cookies. All of our little guests went home very happy and with their faith in Santa Claus much more firmly established.

In February, 1925, meetings were held every Thursday to make valentines for the children in the hospitals.

In November, 1925, every room in the building helped in collecting

enough food and money to supply ten families with ten baskets of food and ten chickens for Thanksgiving. Again Miss Gould helped us to distribute them.

When the Christmas of 1925 came, Miss Gould suggested that we entertain some old ladies and gentlemen at the District Nurses' Home on Rolfe Street. The party was held on the Wednesday before Christmas; and to entertain, we sang songs, while three girls with their ukes and banjo played the accompaniment. Our Christmas tree held a box of home-made fudge, a Christmas stocking filled with candy, and a soap-doll for each woman. We had cigars for the men. Apparently our older guests enjoyed the ice cream and cake as well as our younger guests of 1924. To see the women so happy at that small party, and to see all of our plans so successful, made us decide to keep on with our club, and every year to do something to lighten the heart of the poor residents of Cranston.

The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y is one of the newly formed clubs at Cranston. It is one of the hundreds of Hi-Y Clubs throughout the United States. Since the need of such a club to organize the fellows who stand aggressively for the right was felt a short time ago, it was organized under the direction of Mr. Cranston, the boys' work director of the Y. M. C. A. The club has grown to some twenty members, with Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Thompson as honorary members and advisers.

The Hi-Y, as its name indicates, has a dual character. The "Hi" stands for High School, and the "Y"

for the Young Men's Christian Association. The purpose of the club is "To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character."

The Freshmen have been the first to benefit by the work of the Hi-Y. A Freshman Guide, written by the boys of the club, was given to each of the entering students. This book contains all kinds of handy information about the school and its rules.

The Hi-Y has had a successful first year. The fundamental principles on which it is founded make sure its success in the future.





HARRIET SELEN
S. BUNKER

MARY KELLY
G. BEAN

The Chemistry Club

At the beginning of the school year last September, a new organization, the C. H. S. Chemistry Club, was introduced to the High School by several students, who wished to continue further the study of Chemistry. The purpose is to gain a better and clearer understanding of Chemistry and its various branches, through the medium of interesting, instructive experiments and lectures.

The officers are: Sidney Bunker, President; Mary Kelly, Vice-President; Gerald Beane, Secretary; and Harriet Seelen, Treasurer. Mr. Thompson, as the faculty adviser,

has given much of his time and effort towards its success. And his efforts have not been in vain, for already the club has proved its value by the successful exhibition that it presented on Fathers' Night. It received much commendation for the work done by the members in performing various chemical experiments. It is now preparing a team to send to Kingston to compete in the Chemistry meet to be held there in the spring.

Future plans are many and varied. The members are eagerly working for the exhibition in the spring, and hope to perform many other helpful services to the school.



The Library

Our school library is yearly growing larger and larger. Because it contains a great many reference books, it helps many pupils in the daily preparation of their lessons. Moreover, as it contains books of fiction, of drama, of essays, and poetry, it is a place of recreation. In fact, it is practically our only place of recreation during school hours. It can be justly said that it is the most interesting room in the building. For, besides its many books, it has pictures, statutes, and a bulletin board upon which is placed every morning the latest news. The Library Circle, a group of pupils who offered their services, consists of the following members: Grace King, Audrey Watson, Charles Capace, Clinton Billson, Eleanor Rydberg, Eva Buonanno, Harriet Seelen, John Walker, Lura Voter, Marion Walker, Marion Wellington, Mary Kelly, Ruth Cottle, Verna Follett, and Viola Barr.

Because of the efficient guidance of Miss Carpenter, together with the aid of the Library Circle, the library is now an indispensable part of our school.

On February 26, the Brown University Dramatic Society presented, in the school auditorium, Moliere's comedy, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," in their own translation. The play was very entertaining and well acted. The Library Circle conducted a successful ticket selling campaign for two weeks before the event. The money from the sale of tickets and from the flowers, which were sold at the performance, was added to the book fund of the library.

Our library has been growing steadily since it was founded. It has been built up by pupils and teachers independently of help from an appropriation. It is a library of which we are proud.

It contains 2000 books. but a

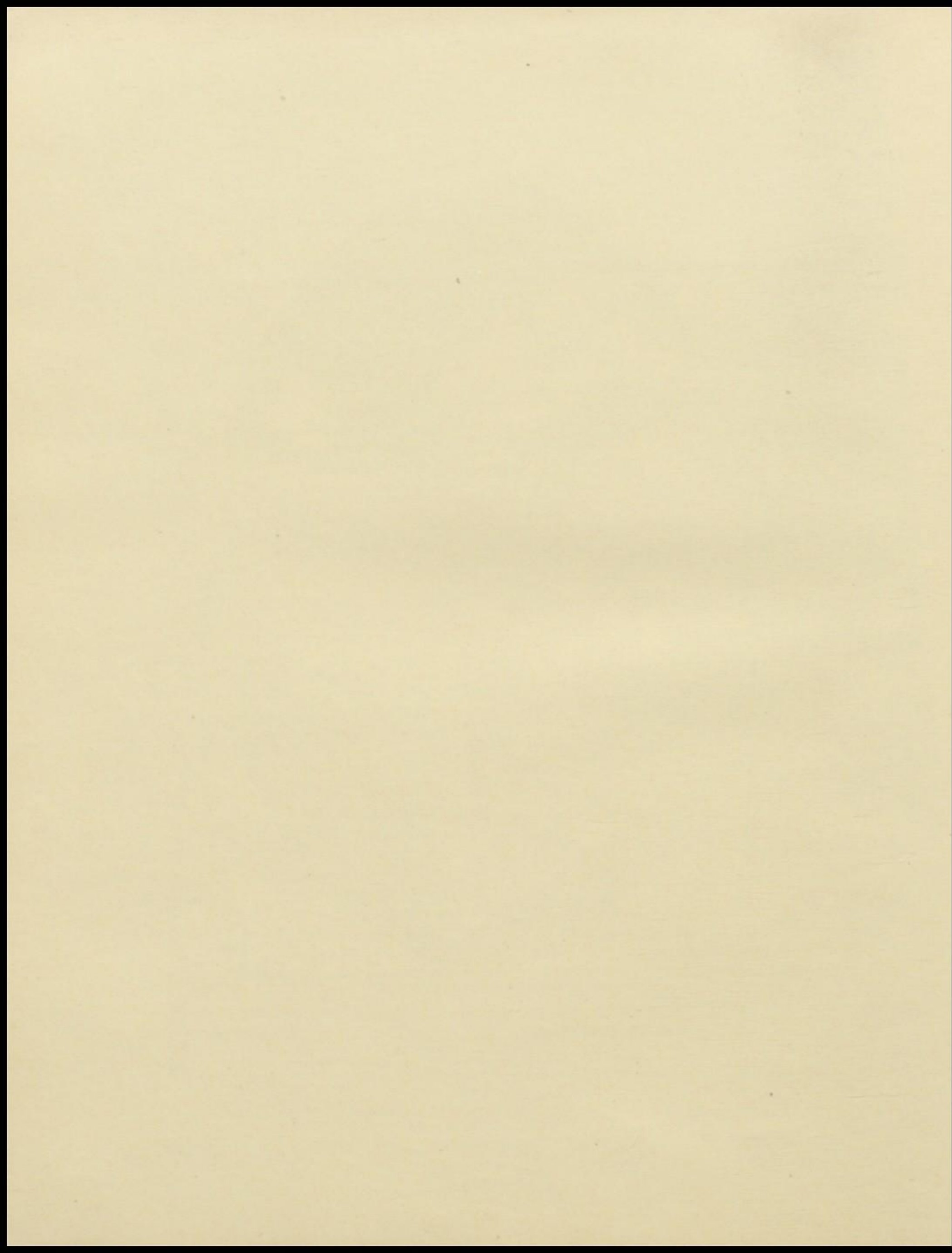
THE CRANSTONIAN

library in a school of this size needs many more. Next year, when we move into the new building, our books will be housed in a modern, beautiful room, with ample space for every one who wants to come in and read, and with shelf space for at least

10,000 books. What service such a library, with 10,000 volumes, could be to this city through its use by High School pupils! Let us try diligently and faithfully to help obtain more books. Let the motto of our library be "More and greater service."







DREAM BOATS

Once on a mossy bed I lay
And watched the boats sail by.
The boats were clouds all tinged with gold,
The sea—the sapphire sky.

A treasure ship of fleecy white,
Brimful of gleaming gold,
Went gliding o'er the deep blue sea,
Steered by a pirate bold.

The pirate wore a flashy sword,
A sash of brightest red.
And green and blue of gorgeous hue
Were bound about his head.

He captured every little bark,
And thus piled ton on ton
Of glittering gold upon his deck,
Till he was left alone.

Thus bore he on to ports unknown,
While I, on grassy pillow,
Beheld his bright sail disappear
On the crest of a mighty billow.
VERNA FOLLETT, '26

The Business of Being Dead

"Herald, Boss?"

The one addressed glanced up from the magazine he was looking over.

"No," he said.

The newsboy passed on through the train.

"Herald, sir?" asked the boy a minute later.

"No!" reiterated the one with the magazine, rather sharply.

"Last chance to buy your Herald," shouted the eager newsboy, as the train began to move.

"Here, boy," mumbled the man with the magazine. "Sell me one and shut that infernal noise."

Mr. James Hopper, aged thirty-five, sat up suddenly. A sickish look came over his healthy face and cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. His gaze was centered on a little item under Cranston News: "Mr. James Hopper, thirty-five, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper of South Boston, was buried here today at half-past two. He was a bachelor and had no living relatives."

"Holy smo-oke!" he said. "That's me."

A timid sort of man had sat down beside him. Mr. James Hopper turned to him and said jokingly, "Say, partner, did you know I was buried yesterday?"

The timid man rose hastily and made a rather hurried exit, escaping, as he probably thought, from a drunken lumber man. Mr. James Hopper looked after the man sorrowfully. "Some folks can't take a joke," he complained.

"Next station Wam gah glua!" bellowed the conductor.

Mr. Hopper decided to stop and send a telegram to his landlady, old Mrs. Gascomb. His message should go down in history with Mark Twain's famous statement, "The report is greatly exaggerated." As Mr. Hopper had some acquaintance with the classics, this message was the result:

Mrs. Gascomb:

I am not permitted to join the happy shades across the river Styx.

On no conditions shall you sell my clothes. My spirit, which is wandering on earth, will haunt you if you do.

THE LATE JAMES HOPPER.

Mr. Hopper strolled back to his train. Two hours later he was in Providence. He now sought his lodging house.

Gascomb's boarding house was known from Scituate to Seekonk as a place where you could get food and a good bed for ten dollars a week, or one dollar and forty-five cents by the day.

Old Mrs. Gascomb was deaf; in fact, so deaf that when a man shouted to her, "Have you got two rubber bands?" she shouted back, "No, siree, one husband was all I had, and he was too many." She was almost blind; and, in addition to this sad affliction, she was the personification of superstition. For instance, one day a practical joker among her boarders arose early, made the kitchen fire, and put the kettle on to boil. No arguments could shake her belief in a supernatural agency of this deed. To this day, she refuses to touch the kettle, preserving it among her various charms. One of her boarders read the telegram to her. He emphasized the words, "On no condition, shall you sell my old clothes," until old Mrs. Gascomb bristled with indignation at the idea of anyone's suspecting her of such a trick. "Sell his clothes, eh? Aren't some people turribil, awful turribil?"

Unaware of the reception which awaited him, James boarded the one-man car and immediately felt at home. The delightful sway brought memories of horseback riding. He had settled down to read the advertisements on the car when he saw a

former acquaintance. He was Herman Strass, a former brewery worker, out of employment and displeased with the present government, especially the eighteenth amendment. When James crossed over and shook his hand vigorously, Herman looked very suspicious. Doubtless he remembered a certain man in New York City, who had approached him in the very same manner and who had sold to him, Herman Strass, just arrived from Hamburg, for only five hundred dollars, a building that happened to be the City Hall. Herman had soured on over-enthusiastic strangers.

"Vell," he growled, "vat you want by me, huh?"

"Why, Herman," said James, "don't you remember me? I'm Jim Hopper."

"Py golly, Jim Hopper was puried day before yesterday," said Herman.

"No! No! That's all a mistake."

"Misdake or no misdake, I saw him puried. If he wasn't dead, that's his lookout."

"I tell you I am Jim Hopper."

"Ha," chuckled Herman. "Don't make me laugh. Why, Jim Hopper was only a small fellow. His hair was black; yours is brown. He had brown eyes; yours are blue. Ha! Ha! stranger, you can't fool me. No, sir!"

James got off the car at the line. "I'll find some one who knows me," he vowed, "or I'll eat my shirt."

At that moment, Tony Rosa, fruitman extraordinary, was crossing the street. James was roused to action. "Hey, Tony," he yelled, "do you know me?"

"Sure," said Tony. "You are one beeg bum who swipe da bannan las' week."

"Nonsense, Tony, I wasn't home last week. I'm Jim Hopper."

"Jeem Hopper! Holy Mother, he was buried day before yesterday. You are not heem. He was a verree fat man. Always he buy bannan and cracka da joke. For Christmas he gave me the grran cigar. Besides, I saw the funeral. He was dead as what you call 'the door nail.'"

In despair, James continued his walk toward the Gascomb boarding house. At the intersection of Cranstons Street and New Depot Avenue, he met MacTavish and O'Neil, two bosom friends, who often threatened to cut each other's throats. James' face lighted with new born hope. Surely they would remember him. "Hey, you two!" he yelled.

"Whoa, O'Neil!" said MacTavish.

"And whoa yourself! 'Tis your ears that are longer," sweetly replied O'Neil.

"Do you fellows remember Jim Hopper?" asked James.

"Sure we do," came the chorus.

"Yah," said O'Neil, "I knew him. Divil a sport he was! Why, he didn't have a wake. He would not chew me favorite tobacco, being prejudiced toward an English cigarette. Onct I asked him for a loan of money, but he wouldn't oblige me. Anyway, he was a handsome eater—"

MacTavish interrupted, "He didn't contract any debts, but he was always ready to help a man in debt. He gave several sums to our Kilty Band, and that is the height of generosity. He could see a joke if you told him one on Saturday and would not disturb the congregation by laughing on Sunday. He was always ready and willing to speak a kind word."

James was heartened by the eulogy of MacTavish, who could find something good to say about the worst of

men. He resolved to live up to the standards set by MacTavish, provided he could prove he was living. Stealing away from the two, who were still arguing over the virtues of the departed James Hopper, he came at last to Mrs. Gascomb's. He rang the bell; he pushed the bell; he punched the bell; he kicked the door. Finally, the door opened, and he entered, not without some misgivings.

"Well, Mrs. Gascomb," he shouted, "I'm home again!"

"If you left the gas going, go right up and turn it out."

"You don't understand — I'm James Hopper."

"Yes, poor soul, he's dead, and he always paid his rent on time."

"I'm James Hopper," he bellowed.

"Lord save us! What are you doing here on earth?"

"I'm not dead!"

"Well, I saw them put the nails in your coffin."

"It wasn't I you buried."

"It was your money you were buried with."

"I want my clothes!"

"Sure, you were buried with clothes on. Do you think we're barbarians?"

"I'm not dead!"

"Well, if you insist, I suppose you aren't. Prove you're James Hopper."

"One day I had to stand up to supper because I went horseback riding."

"Hmmm, I remember something like that."

"One morning you scorched the oatmeal."

"I remember nothing of the kind."

"You make wonderful Irish stew on Thursday."

"Yes, I guess so."

"One morning you woke up and found a kettle on the fire."

"To be sure I did. I guess you are James Hopper."

"Whew! Oh, boy! I certainly am glad that I may die but once more."

"By the way, Mr. Hopper, about this business of being dead. You owe me thirty dollars for flowers I gave for your funeral."

Then it was that James Hopper really gave up the ghost.

JOHN L. HORTON, '27

FOG

The world is gray.
Gently, softly, a fog has fallen,
Covering all in a shroud
Of moist, mysterious gloom.
Objects loom up ominously,
In the semi-darkness
They look like ogres
And monsters
From the story-books
And folk-lore of old.
Off in the distance

A bell tolls.
Its sound is direful,
Muffled by the fog.
Then a gentle breath of wind—
The gray moves;
Then a puff—
It is torn into shreds,
And goes
Quickly, quietly, softly as it came.
The sun streams forth;
The world lives.

H. A. ROSEFIELD, '26

The Peg Leg

"How did that man get out there?" exclaimed Dixon Kent, suddenly sitting upright in the stern of a life-boat placed on the beach. There was no answer save a splash, as a form dived gracefully into the water from the raft several hundred feet before him. Kent was astonished, then puzzled. He had seen no one approach the raft. He had thought he was alone—alone to enjoy the beauties of the moonlight night and to think.

He sat there watching a few more unusual aquatic feats, when suddenly the diver disappeared! Kent watched for his reappearance on shore. He waited long—but only the tide came in.

Returning to the inn, having nothing better to think of, Kent pondered

over the scene on the beach. Was he sure he had been alone on the way down that board walk? In the back of his mind he recalled a certain thud. Between his even steps he remembered a single tread. That's right—he *had* been followed by a peg leg. But this had nothing to do with the diver, and yet—

Before breakfast the next morning, Kent hurried over to a variety store to buy a morning paper. As he was entering the store, he heard the thud of a peg leg behind him. He turned and looked. A hideous, malicious, slovenly, repulsive piece of feminine humanity stood there smiling at him. One lone decayed tooth in her narrow, lower jaw, a wrinkled, sallow face resembling a dried apple, a few wisps of coarse gray-black hair strag-

gling around her shoulders gave her the appearance of a witch. A dark green, faded coat and a red moth-eaten hat clothed her. She was clutching in one claw-like hand a crutch. She eyed him out of her green, cat-like eyes.

He looked at her, coughed, fingered the lapel of his coat nervously with one hand, and tossed a nickel up and down with the other. Then, abruptly he turned on his heel and entered the store.

Addressing the clerk, he said, "Morning Journal, please; but, in heaven's name, who is the one-legged creature outside?"

The clerk burst into a gale of laughter.

"Why, that's old Aunt Martha that lives up yonder in the haunted house. Lived there for two years making medicines which she exports somewhere. Doubt if anybody ever buys them. During this war time, business is dull and people only buy things that they know are O. K. The old woman is harmless. You can go up there 'most any night and see her shadow through the curtain, sorting herbs. When she isn't there, she's out collecting herbs. She's superstitious and believes that if she collects them during a certain phase of the moon, her medicine will come out satisfactory. Queer woman, but if you'll pardon me, who are you?"

"Why—er—I'm Dixon Kent, reporter on the Providence Journal. I'm spending a couple of weeks down here to rest, and find it a mighty interesting place. Incidentally I'm looking up material for stories, and hope before I leave to utilize some of the queer people and circumstances I have seen since I've been here."

"Wish you luck, my friend," said the clerk. "Take a look at the haunted house and get in if you can. It is one house built within another. You'll find it worth the trouble. The boys in France furnish enough material for exciting stories; but I bet you can write one equally exciting right down here. Well—good morning."

"Good morning," said Kent.

Kent was again stretched out in the boat looking up at the storm clouds overhead. The night was black. He had plotted out a story up to the crisis. On the way down to the beach he had seen old Aunt Martha's shadow on the curtain. She was evidently sorting herbs. He searched for available entrances to the house, but there was only that one window that he could see. Why was it that one house was built within the other? Splash! Kent jumped. The diver again! How did he get out there? Had he, Kent, been followed by the peg leg?

Kent sprang out of the boat, ran up through the pavilion, took a short cut through a cranberry bog, up a hill, and finally over the grounds of the haunted house. There, just as he had left the window a while ago, was Aunt Martha seated in a chair, sorting herbs. Then the diver was not Aunt Martha!

Kent perched on a fence opposite the window and waited and watched. He heard distant rumblings of thunder, saw flashes of lightning, and felt an increasing wind against his back. It was about twelve-thirty, but Aunt Martha still sat in practically one position, stirring only to pick up more herbs. How mechanical! Once in a while she rocked back and forth,

but these were her only motions. He would stay there until she moved. "Something is going to happen! I know it," he whispered aloud.

A new shadow! A hand reaching up above Aunt Martha's head. The room was dark!

Kent listened intently. He heard the thud of the peg leg.

What should he do? Here was his chance. He *must* get into the house. The wind was now blowing violently. It practically blew him off the fence; so he crouched under the bushes below. It blew a shutter from all of its hinges save one and left it hanging and clattering against the wall. The window opened and a hand was thrust out. The hand groped vainly around for the blind, and then a head appeared! By a flash of lightning Kent saw it was the face of a *man*.

Aunt Martha? A man? Two people? These questions flashed through Kent's mind.

Could he get up the apple tree and in through the skylight? He would try. Getting up the apple tree was easy. The climb to the skylight was perilous, but he would risk anything for material for his story. At last he reached the hook and opened the skylight. He took one look at the stormy night and then descended the rickety ladder.

He went down and down—past what would be the second floor—right down to the basement. He could not see his hands before his face. Was there no second floor? Then the house must be hollow, one big hall. A few steps to the side, however, contradicted this thought. He bumped a wall on either side! He had forgotten. This was one house

built around another. He was now in the space between the two outer walls.

For fear of being discovered, Kent had not used his pocket light, but he now dared to flash it. The small ray revealed shelves of chemical apparatus. Test tubes, retorts—everything—was placed there neatly. There were packing boxes evidently ready for shipment. The corridor was long, encircling the house. "So this is the herb doctor's workshop? Why, this is one of the best laboratories I've been in," thought Kent. Turning a curve he saw a small blue flame. It proved to be a small burner under a retort boiling some acid. Above it was a card with German writing on it.

"Boy!" he exclaimed half aloud. "A German spy! My story is finished—my story is finished! I've—" But he stopped. "Fool," he said to himself, "let your story go. Get help before this man sends away any more of his disastrous gases." But above he heard the thump of the peg leg coming slowly down the stairs!

Escape was his first thought. But there wasn't time. The thump sounded louder. That horrible man-woman was coming! In an instant he was hidden behind the packing boxes.

Suddenly the room was illumined with glaring lights. Kent was blinded for a second. The peg leg came around the curve. It was a *small man*! Kent sat there cramped and hardly breathing. If the man should see him! He was unarmed, while his enemy had poisonous acids with which he could defend himself. The spy worked around about ten minutes, putting the newly prepared

acid into a container and cleaning his apparatus. He then, to Kent's relief, left the room in darkness. Kent listened as he thumped out of the room and gauged from the sounds the direction of his sleeping quarters.

Remaining in the laboratory for three-quarters of an hour, he then ventured out the way the spy had gone. Presently he found himself before a room from which he could hear heavy breathing. He decided on his course of action, and proceeded cautiously. One sound might cost him his life!

Outside the storm was raging. Kent turned up his coat collar and hurried along the beach. How lucky the rain had not come before he entered the house, as the wet footprints might have betrayed him.

To get the coast guards back to the house before the thunder should cease was his plan. He had thought it unwise to tackle the man alone. No knowing what disastrous devices he had for intruders. It was 4:30 A. M. before Kent and his men were stationed at different posts around the house. With one of the guards he entered through the skylight. In their stocking feet they made their way to the door of the spy's bedroom and tried the latch. It was locked! Kent pounded furiously. The heavy breathing stopped. One thump of the peg leg was heard—and then, a muffled bang!

Had he shot himself? What had happened? Breaking down the door, the men entered. The room was bare, empty, deserted!

"What the devil!" ejaculated Kent. Just then a shrill whistle was heard outside.

"They've got him!" yelled the guard.

"For two years I've lived here in disguise," said Karl Bernstorf later, "and it's been a nightmare. My term would have been up in October, but this young reporter cut it short." He looked at Kent quite submissively. He had been assured that confession would not mean the firing squad.

"My disguise proved successful, and I purposely acted as a crazy herb doctor to allay suspicions. I have always been without a leg, but my parents taught me to swim in childhood. Swimming was about my only recreation. My mysterious appearance and disappearance was due to the secret entrance from the old creek in back of the house. I rowed down to the place where it runs into the ocean and then swam under water to the raft. I returned in the same manner.

"For fear people would think I left the house too much and to bar intrusion, I left a mechanical representation of Aunt Martha in the window. I made it a point to put out the lights late enough so that people would be in bed and would not notice the shadow of my hand. I did not count on being a character in a story."

Kent was again stretched out in the life-boat reading a newspaper and discovering that he was far more of a hero than he felt at that moment. When he had finished, he folded the paper and closed his eyes contentedly. It seemed as though he ought to hear again the splash of the diver or the thud of the peg leg—but he heard nothing.

LAURA NYE, '26

THE CRANSTONIAN



On Magic

Magic is the work of a poet's soul. Magic is vision through roseate lenses. Magic is a delusion, created to give us happiness. Magic turns a gray November afternoon in a cold drafty place into an exhilarating throbbing hour of frenzied excitement on a college football stand. This is the magic of loyalty.

There is the magic that pervades the hushed forest, where the chirp of a bird is music, where the slopes are slippery with needles that snap, where each pine breathes its fragrance to the air. There's the magic of a meadow, with a crystal rill gurgling its way to the pond, where the scent of strawberries hangs hot on the air, and the

hay is laid to be dried. This is the magic of nature.

There is the magic that quickens the pulses, that brings a glow to the cheeks, and a thrill of unaccountable ecstasy to the soul. This is the magic of health.

There is the magic that makes a humid August night an evening of palpitating bliss, hallowed by a golden moon—the magic that chases worries and cares and exchanges them for the few fleeting joys of another's company. This is the magic of love.

And over all, instilled in all, telling of a yet more wondrous world to come, is the magic of God.

ELSA MAERTENS, '26

Deeds Win

Nearly all the guests of the small hotel on the beach were gathered about the wide fireplace trying to shake off that persistent chill always to be felt on rainy summer nights. From the thoughtful look on some faces and the doubtful one on others, it could easily be seen that an argument was on. A young man, registered as Walter Reynolds, was rather emphatic in expressing his opinion.

"Of course, men are better in water sports," he exclaimed. "There may be a few special cases, but in the long run men are far superior to women. They are stronger, have greater endurance, and have many other advantages."

"But aren't you ignoring the fact that a woman can stay in cold water longer than a man?" said Helen Curtiss, winner of several swimming prizes.

"Does that really aid her, though, in competition? The man's strength will help him on toward his goal and will carry him further in an endurance test."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she replied.

"Say, folks! I bet it rains all day tomorrow!" broke in a brightly pessimistic youth.

Promptly he was showered with retorts, and in the course of his prosecution the argument was dropped.

The following day dawned so bright and clear that those used to beach weather knew that it was the forerunner of a storm. And the storm broke, fast and furious, about ten o'clock that evening. The water lashed itself to a fury. A gully about six feet wide and running the whole length of the beach was dug out by the pounding waves. The next morning showed these waves to be dashing eight and nine feet high. Of course bathing was out of the question, but Walter Reynolds decided to try a swim.

"You're crazy!"

"You're bughouse!"

"Your brains have taken a stroll!"

"You're foolishly flirting with death when there are plenty of cute girls around!"

Such were the remarks of his chums, but Reynolds went in just the same. About twenty minutes after he dived in, a call drifted up the beach.

"That's Dick calling," said one of the group. "Let's go see what he wants."

Again came the shout. Dick was standing at the water's edge, pointing excitedly out over the water.

"It's Wally! There he is out there! He's caught in the current!"

His cries attracted the attention of other people, and soon quite a crowd was there.

"What's the matter?"

"Fellow out there caught in the current."

"Think he'll make it?"

"Who is he?"

"Darn fool to go out on a day like this!"

During these remarks Helen Curtiss came running down from the

hotel. She was dressed for a swim, and had been attracted by the crowd on the beach.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Young Reynolds fellow is caught out there," offered a bystander.

"Hasn't anyone gone out to him?"

"No one dares. If he did get out there, he would probably get caught, too!"

"There isn't a fellow can do it? Then maybe a girl can!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, she's going to try, anyway!" Helen flung back over her shoulder as she fled toward the water.

All eyes were fixed on Reynolds; so that no one noticed Helen until she had plunged into the waves and was swimming strongly toward the desperately struggling man. Then cries of "Stop her! She'll be drowned, too!" arose. But it was too late to stop her. Already she was half way to her goal. The crowd was silent. Soon came the shout, "She's got him!" And a moment later, "Where are they?" For both man and girl had disappeared! Every eye was straining to see, when suddenly the two heads popped up several feet nearer shore than before. Instantly they vanished again. Everyone was bewildered until a voice cried out, "They're diving and crawling along the bottom to avoid the current!"

A shiver ran through the on-lookers. Once more the heads appeared and disappeared. The next only one head bobbed up. The crowd gasped, recognized the girl's head, and each person said to himself, "She has lost him," though not one word was spoken.

The girl struggled on. Nearer and nearer the shore she came, but oh, so

slowly!—almost exhausted, though still battling bravely. At last a swell picked her up and bore her several feet ahead. A cry of utter astonishment broke from those along the water's edge as they saw the form of young Reynolds trailing behind the fighting girl. No wonder her progress had been slow! She had dragged him practically the whole distance. A huge wave washed the two almost to shore, and the willing hands of several who had waded in as far as possible lifted them to the beach. One was exhausted, but conscious; the other, dead to the world, but still breathing.

One day, about a week later, Reynolds and his friends were sitting on the beach after a swim. The former was apparently none the worse for his narrow escape. Helen Curtiss' white cap could be seen bobbing about the raft, and the boys were watching her. Walter's eyes were sparkling with admiration, but he was serious as he turned to the fellows.

"You can't imagine how I felt the other day," he said, "when I saw her swimming out. Of course, I thought at first it was a man, and when I realized it was a woman—well, I just gave up. Why the devil did they let her out?" I thought. "Don't they know she'll be dead by the time she gets here, and that I can't get back myself, let alone drag her in, too? Then she got a grip on me. The strength in that grip surprised me, and when she started to swim—well, maybe you folks on shore had doubts about her making it; but from that first stroke, I knew she'd do it, even if I flopped on her hands, which is just what I did."

He paused a moment, gazing out toward the raft, and then added, "As for my statement last week about a woman's not being able to swim as well as a man, all I can say to that is that if there's an out-of-water lobster, I'm it!"

HOPE PETTEY, '27

Flying In Venezuela

Until about a month ago, I had never heard of a real iron and steel train which could fly. Doubtless there are many in fairy tales, but, whether there are or not, I now believe in them firmly. I have not only seen one, but I have flown in one. They are wonderful—and "scarey."

In the first place, they look like real trains, the funny, puffy, pant-y kind that one finds down in Venezuela. They have rails on which they are supposed to ride, but that's where the catch comes in,—they don't ride on rails all the time—they *fly*!

Between La Guayra and Caracas there are some very, very steep mountains: just a peak five thousand feet up in the air with the only thing anywhere near it a valley five thousand feet below. A little path round and round the mountain is regarded by Venezuelans as a pretty nice railroad, but we Americans can hardly find it in traveling. But to return to my fairy tale.

The flying train leaves La Guayra with little me inside. I see the mountains in the distance and think complacently, "Ah! some lovely scenery to soothe and rest me after my haggling bargain with that vociferous loud-speaker of a native back there." (And I still think he cheated me!) The train puffs and jerks and pants up and up and up while everything gets farther and far-

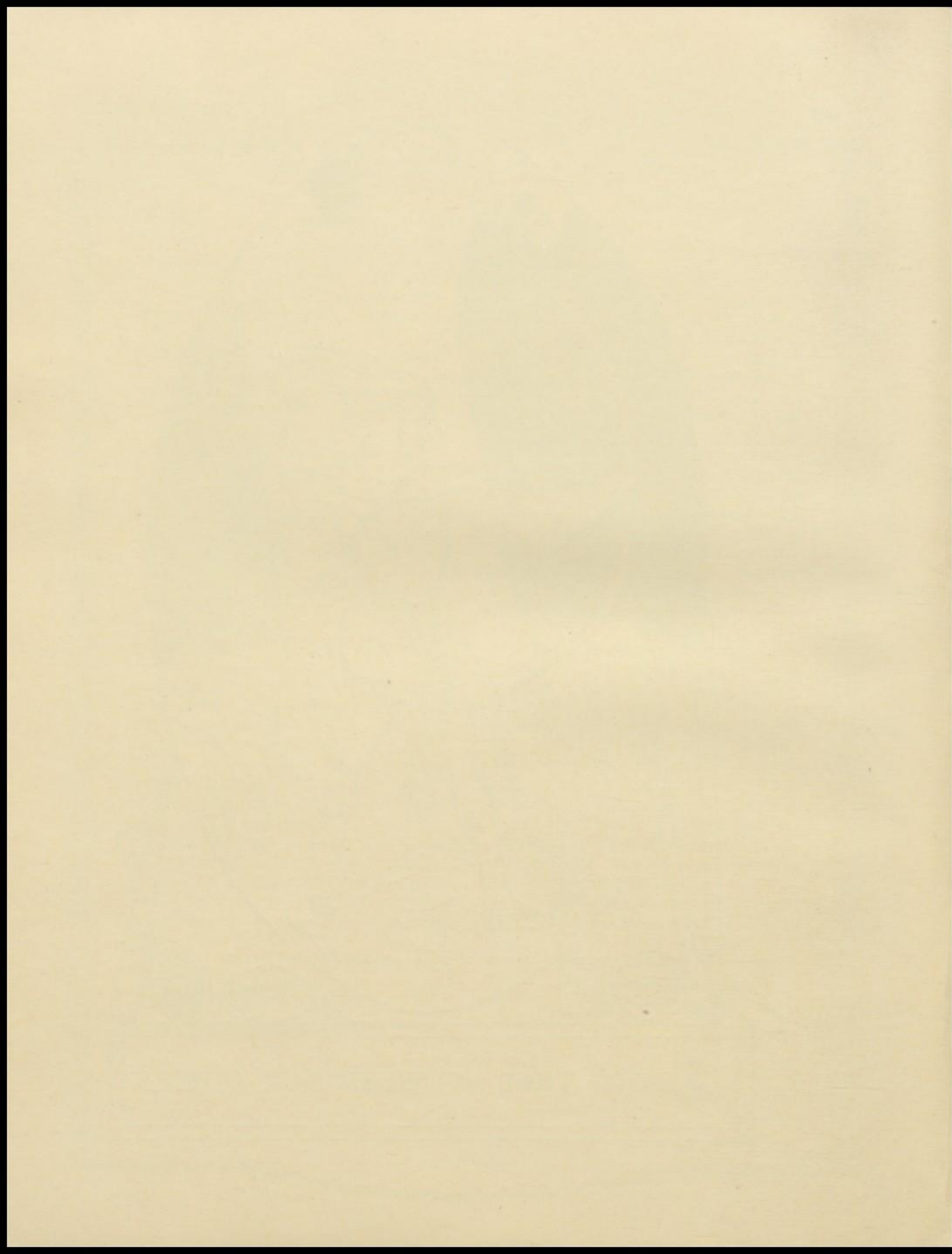
ther down—until at last I admit inwardly that, although the scenery is really very beautiful, I do wish it would stay a little closer and not drop quite so far below. But I am happy! The person in the next seat engages me in conversation for a moment. As I idly turn my gaze out of the car window again, my hair rises, the back of my neck prickles, and my eyes grow wide. What I see is space, emptiness, nothing,—and far, far below some trees and grass and other lowly, unappreciated things, growing where it's safe. We aren't even riding on anything; the few feet of earth between us and the precipice have fallen over—just what I was afraid of.

On the opposite side of the car, a sheer wall of rock rises. My eyes cling to it gratefully, but somehow they find themselves staring again down that abyss. It is my luck to have this on my side of the car. Why, oh why, had I been so selfish as to choose the window seat? My companion complains of lack of room, but I let her go right on complaining. I warm more to that blank rock wall on the other side than to my gorgeous panorama.

The very brave man in the seat in front of me leans out of the open window—"No, not a trace of a track"—to my frantic inquiry. I *knew* it,—we *were* flying!

ELSA MAERTENS, FEB. '26





A DESK LAMENT

They speak of public parking space,
And give to it full credit;
And e'en the sidewalk gains its praise
From all of those who tread it.

But for my service I'm abused,
I get no credit for it—
Though I oblige ungrateful youth!
Some pity—I implore it.

You say a desk was made for youth
To sit and write and study;
What of it if, perchance, he should
Speak to a near-by buddy?

You say that I should ne'er complain,
That students do not harm me;
And when a pretty girl stops near—
That really ought to charm me!

You do not know my woeful plight,
Nor all my care and trouble;
You do not know how I'm abused,
Nor that my joy's a bubble.

For when a pretty girl stops near,
My wooden heart beats faster;
But ah! My rapture always ends—
In nothing but disaster.

No need to tell what follows soon—
It is so sad a story;
For when she's most abusing me,
Why, then she's in her glory!

A sticky substance she calls gum,
And wads and wads of paper;
She piles it on me till I feel
As high as a skyscraper.

But ah! I won't repeat to you
Nor dwell upon my sorrow;
For, after all, gay youth will be
Sad, solemn age—tomorrow.

And when they reach that lofty stage,
They'll look back on their errors,
And say—"The desks at our school were
An outlet for our terrors."

LOUISE JUDGE, '28

THE SUNSET

Over the glittering waters,
Saw I one beautiful day
A sunset of exquisite colors,
Where the ocean meets the bay.

The rays were so filled with splendor
That they brightened the ocean bleak;
And it seemed like a vision of heaven
On whose shores we hope to meet.

I watched the dazzling sunset,
Now vivid with radiant light.
Till the colors gradually deepened,
And it silently faded from sight.

'Twas twilight, and the darkness
Crept noiselessly around,
As the stealthy winds of winter
Sweep over the cold damp ground.

The sunset is but a remembrance,
But in memory it shall stay
Till I vanish like the sunset,
And quietly drift away.

ROBERT CUMMINGS, '27

SERENADE

Oh, come unto your window, Sweet,
And hearken to my song;
Swing wide the darkened casement, Sweet,
Pray do not tarry long.
Oh, chide me not in anger, Sweet,
Nor sulk to find me here,
But gaily, lightly, come, my Sweet,
And ope your window, Dear.

Forsake for me your bed, my Love,
Your sweet dreams drive away.
Oh, keep me not awaiting, Love,
It's nearly break of day.
But come unto your window, Love,
Devoted here I bide;
For it's raining like the deuce, my Love,
And I left the key inside.

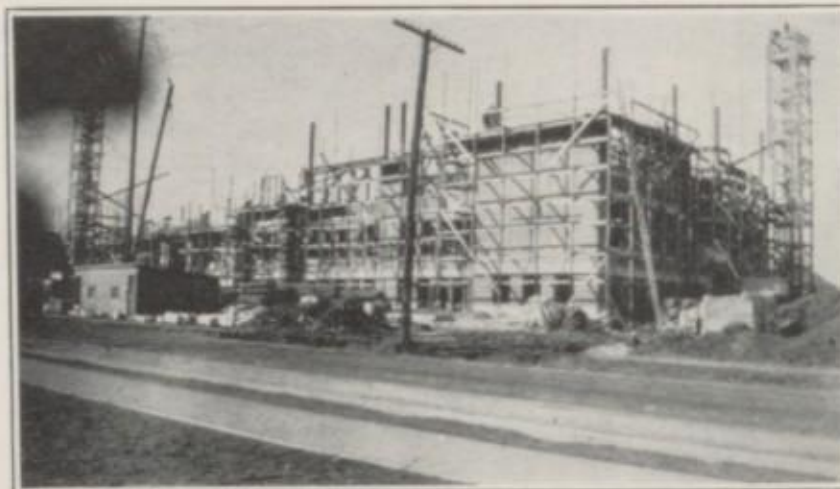
LESTER HORTON, '27

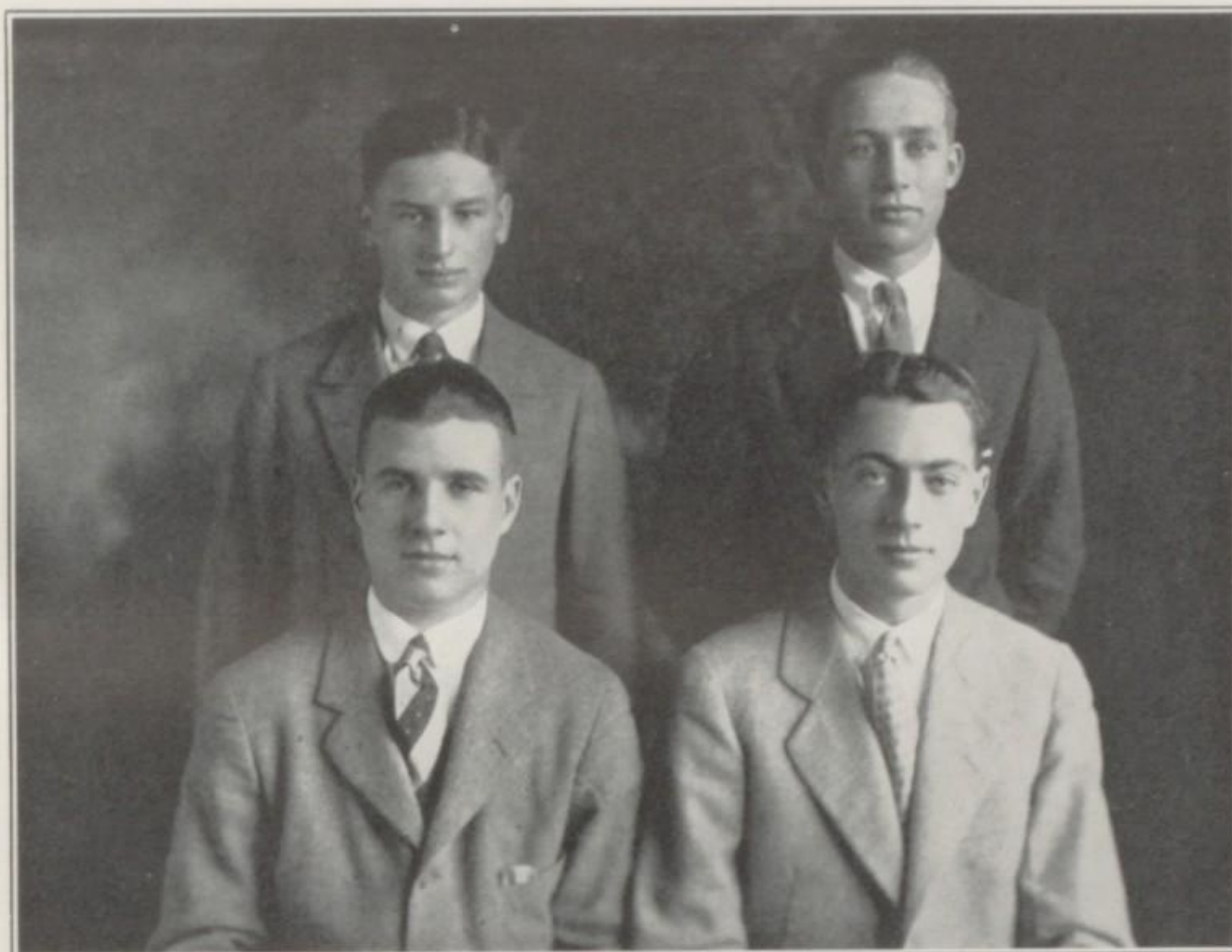
SUNSET

I love to watch at sunset
The bands of color bright,
The crimson, gold, and purple
As they fade into the night.
The crimson turns to purple,
The gold to faintest ray,
The colors blending slowly
Shed glow on parting day.

The silver moon comes gliding o'er
The star-robed heavens blue.
While sleepy waves reflecting it
Are crooning all night through.
The murmuring pines that guard the slope
Are praying to the sky.
Such beauty God has given us,
I know that He is nigh.

MARGARET MILLIKEN





H. DROITCOUR
W. GREENE

A. ALLENSON
G. HAINES

The B. A. A.

The regular meeting of the B. A. A. was held early in September. The following officers were elected: A. Allenson, President; W. Greene, Vice-President; G. Haines, Secretary; and H. Droitcour, Treasurer. At the same meeting, H. Henn and P. Higgins were elected delegates to the league.

About twenty-seven years ago the Interscholastic League was formed and with it the B. A. A. at Cranston. The organization has had waves of financial prosperity and depression.

About five years ago it was riding a prosperous wave; now it is recovering from a flood of depression. The proceeds of the minstrel show and a fifty-dollar appropriation from the School Committee will lift its nose a little above the surface.

The depression was caused by a falling off of winning teams. But we are gaining again. Mr. Merritt's football team was one of the best, if not the best, the school has ever had. The track team in the Brown Interscholastic Meet led such large schools

as La Salle, Moses Brown, and Pawtucket. The hockey team made a hard push for the pennant. The baseball team is well up in the league standing.

Making a steady fight for the top is not easy. The workers in the B. A. A. are trying to give Cranston an athletic background—a record to strive for and a standard to support.

Of course, the teams need support from the school: financially, through prompt payment of dues, and morally, through cheering the teams in victory and defeat.

The future of our athletics can easily take care of itself with fine material, fine coaching, and fine support. We hope we have contributed our share to the athletic background.

Baseball

The first call for the 1925 baseball team was issued on March 25. A few veterans and several newcomers were present. Among the veterans were Captain Prior, Allenson, Gilman, Evers, D'Amico, and Hodsdon. The new men who looked promising were Sims, Cuddy, Potter, Spirito, Donahue, and Silven.

Before the regular season started, we had a few practice games with Technical, Bryant and Stratton, and Y. M. C. A. Prep School. Although Cranston did not win the championship, the team played well throughout the season and finished fourth in the league standing. The following is a data of the league season:

April 14—Cranston loses to Hope at Hope Field, 7-4.

April 17—Cranston wins from Woonsocket at Hayward Field, 16-8.

April 21—Cranston loses to West Warwick at West Warwick, 12-1.

April 24—Cranston loses to Pawtucket at Hayward Field, 13-6.

April 28—Cranston loses to Commercial at Bucklin Park, 16-4.

April 29—Cranston wins from St. George's School at Newport, 4-2.

May 1—Cranston wins from Classical at Hayward Field, 11-4.

May 5—Cranston loses to East Providence at Glenyon Field, 3-2 (11 innings).

May 8—Cranston wins from East Providence at Rocky Point, 9-8.

May 12—Cranston loses to Hope at Hayward Field, 5-0.

May 15—Cranston loses to Pawtucket at United States Finishing Co. Field, 10-9.

May 20—Cranston loses to Commercial at Hayward Field, 5-4.

May 23—Cranston wins from Classical at Roger Williams Park, 9-5.

June 5—Cranston loses to Woonsocket at Alice Oval, 13-3.



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	McLEAN	HORTON	SPIRITOE	DROITCOUR	SIMS	
<i>Coach</i>						<i>Manager</i>
MERRITT	KIRKER	HAINES	HENN	BRIGHTMAN	READ	HODSDON
ANDREW	EVANS	HIGGINS	ALLENSON	PETTINGELL	GREENE	TRICE
			<i>Captain</i>			
PETTIGREW	GILLMAN	OWREN	HAHN	WHITE		

Football

This year Cranston was represented by the best team that it has ever turned out. The team was driving forward to a pennant when it ran up against a snag in the form of the East Providence eleven. The score was 33 to 0. The Cranston team was outweighed and the morale of the eleven was poor. Despite these odds, the game was recorded by the press as one of the gamest exhibitions of football ever seen. Allenson, captain-elect, and Droitcour gave East Providence many anxious moments.

Cranston had opened the season rather inauspiciously. Central Falls had won from Cranston by a 7 to 6 score. The Central Falls touchdown came on the last thirty seconds of play. The point after touchdown was made by means of a forward pass. Apparently the entire Cranston backfield was looking for a kick.

The following week the league season opened with Hope at Hope Field. The game ended in a scoreless tie. Hope was not able to gain consistently through the Cranston line. The feature of the game was the remarkable manner in which the backs of both teams fumbled. Cranston was fortunate in recovering most of the fumbles.

The next game was with Pawtucket at the Cycledrome. The score was six all. Allenson's toe was responsible for Cranston's six points. Pawtucket outrushed Cranston fourteen first downs to two. An offside penalty put Cranston in position for its only touchdown. Because of a

heavy rain on Friday, the game was played on Columbus Day.

On Friday of the same week Cranston played Commercial at the Cycledrome and won, 29 to 0.

The first home game was played with Classical, the result 20 to 0 in our favor. Classical had a heavy line, but that was as far as their superiority extended. The thrills were supplied by the hard-running Droitcour. One of the features was an eighty-yard punt by Evans.

The next game, referred to above, was with East Providence on Cranston's field.

The team then journeyed to Woonsocket, where it was beaten six to three. Late in the fourth period Woonsocket found the weakness in the Cranston line and they piled through center for a touchdown after an eighty-yard march down the field. The fertile brain can think of one hundred and one alibis, but the fact remains that Cranston was beaten.

The last game was with West Warwick on Hayward field, where our team, working in unison, swept West Warwick off its feet and triumphed, 25 to 0.

Cranston could not place any men on the first all-star team, but Allenson and Captain Owren were placed on the second team. Pettingill, Higgins, Henn, and Greene were given honorable mention. Much of the credit for the team's success is due to Coach Merritt.

As eight letter men are returning, prospects are bright for a banner season in 1926.

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ALLENSON
DROITCOUR

OWREN
READ

Tennis

Cranston's tennis team reports a very poor season for 1925. All three of the matches, played with Technical, Classical, and Commercial, were lost.

In spite of the discouragement, much interest is shown in tennis. A great many students tried out for the team as soon as the courts were re-taped and put in condition by Manager Rosefield. The members finally

chosen to represent the school were Captain Merrill, Swallow, Worrall, Cummings, Tanner, and Boss.

The requirements for a letter in tennis are so strict that only one member of the team, Swallow, received the award from the B. A. A. But tennis is a coming sport at Cranston, and it is believed that the 1926 team will bring us a higher standing.

Golf

Golf is rather a young sport at Cranston. It is not yet recognized by the B. A. A. and therefore receives no support from it. The members of the team get no letters from the school. In spite of this, Cranston has supported the games well.

At the preliminary tournament at the Massasoit Golf Club between the schools on the west side of the bay, she won from Classical and Com-

mercial on default, and from Technical by a score of 3-1.

At the next tournament held about a week later, the Wannamoisett Golf Club, East Providence, winner of the east side high schools, proved too strong for our team, beating them by a score of 5-0.

It is the hope of many at Cranston that golf will soon be recognized by the B. A. A., so that this excellent sport may be encouraged.



Track Report

Last year's track season started with an indoor meet at the Y. M. C. A. In spite of being handicapped through little practice, Cranston placed fourth with five points.

Outdoor practice was begun as soon as the weather permitted. Our coach, Mr. Reeves, organized the team so that it worked constantly under valuable criticism. The managers, unusually active, had the jumping pits in good condition most of the time. The team benefited by this better practice.

In order to rouse more interest in track, a room meet was held in which the girls took part. Room 17 won, Room 12 was second, and Room 10 third. A great number turned out, making the affair a success.

Our first season meet was with East Providence at our annual Rocky Point outing on Arbor Day. Cranston overwhelmed its old rival by a score of 67-23. The girls won all of their events. The point winners were Read, Henn, Hahn, Haines, Verry, Allenson, and Kirker.

The following day the Kingston meet was held. Our captain, H. Droitcour, won the pole vault and set a new record of 10 feet 4 1-5 inches. The previous record was 9 feet 9 inches. Our mile relay team, composed of Read, Hahn, Haines, and Rennie, won second place. Five records were broken, giving us an exceptional success.

Two weeks later, the Interscholastic League meet was held at Andrews Field. The place Cranston wins in this meet shows its real standing in the league. She won third place. She now stands as high in the league in track as in any other sport. The following won places: Merrill, first in the hammer throw; Droitcour, first in the pole vault; Worrall, second in the hammer throw; and the relay team, made up of Read, Hahn, Haines, and Kirker, third.

The junior meet this year was held at Moses Brown field. Very few appeared at this meet because of the intense heat. Although represented by only four men, Greene, Kirker, Droitcour, and Horton, Cranston came in second. We should have won the meet, but our protest against East Providence for entering an illegal man was left unheeded.

This year Cranston entered three men in the Brown Interscholastic Meet. Merrill won the hammer throw and Droitcour came in third in the pole vault.

Worrall won fourth place in the Harvard Interscholastic Meet.

Speculating as to the future is too often done with little or no success; yet there is strong reason to believe that Cranston will have a very good track team next season.

Hockey

The hockey team put out this year was the best since 1923. The fine team work and the good defense which were kept up throughout the season enabled Cranston to be in second place at the close of the league, having given East Providence a good run for the pennant.

The schedule of games in the order in which they were played follows:

Cranston . . .	1	East Providence	0
Cranston . . .	2	Pawtucket	0
Cranston . . .	0	Hope	1
Cranston . . .	1	Commercial	0
Cranston . . .	2	Classical	0
*Cranston . . .	1	Prov. Coll. Freshman . . .	0
Cranston . . .	0	East Providence	1
Cranston . . .	7	Pawtucket	0
Cranston . . .	6	Hope	1
*Cranston . . .	2	Prov. College Sextette . .	1
*Cranston . . .	2	Classical & Commercial . .	1
Cranston . . .	1	Commercial (forfeit) . . .	0
Cranston . . .	8	Classical	1

*Not a league game.

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VERNA FOLLETT RUTH DROITCOUR
 ETHEL CONKLIN MISS JOHNSON CATHERINE MacKAY

The Girls' Athletic Association

A special meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held in the assembly hall October 5 and the following officers were re-elected: Verna Follett, President; Catherine MacKay, Vice-President; Ruth Droitcour, Secretary; and Ethel Conklin, Treasurer.

The G. A. A. has not been so active in social functions this year as in former years. Because of the double session, we missed the annual "Freshmen Mixer." As the A Freshmen go home at twelve-thirty and the B Freshmen at four o'clock, they cannot

easily attend this or any other G. A. A. meeting. However, the girls put all their spirit into the preparation of one social affair — an Hawaiian operetta, "The Ghosts of Hilo." This was supported by G. A. A. members, Miss McInerney, and the Girls' Glee Club.

Our basketball practice began in September under the direction of Miss Johnson, our coach, and also President of the Southern Rhode Island Girls' Basketball League. A great deal of interest and enthusiasm are centered in our team, which has de-

veloped into one of the best in the league.

But we are competent not only in basketball. Last year, at the annual meet with East Providence High School at Rocky Point, the girls won the baseball game, the tug-of-war, and came first and third in the hundred-yard dash. The winning of

these events saved the day for Cranston.

Since we have proved that our association has been of great benefit to girls in this High School, our hope is that the lower classmen in the new High School with the advantage of a gym, will make it one of the foremost in the new school.

Basketball

Our 1925-26 season opened with defeat for the Cranston team by Pawtucket on Pawtucket's floor. The final score was 26 to 4. But we opened the Southern Rhode Island League by defeating Trade School on their floor, 29-8. East Providence fell before us twice, 57-11 and 65-9. Warwick gave us a jolt by winning the game we expected to win, and we received the small end of a 21-24 score. The following game ended in a 32-41 score favoring Bryant and Stratton. West Warwick defeated us also by a 33-20 score, but we changed our luck when we proved to the School of Design that we could not lose more than three games in succes-

sion. The score, 31-18, favored us. Determined not to lose our last and a league game, we defeated South Kingstown with the score of 41-26. Although South Kingstown was ahead, 18-25, at the end of the third quarter, by clever pass work and Grace King's ability to make baskets, we came our victors.

Piloted through the year by Grace King and coached by Miss Johnson, we made a good record in the Southern Rhode Island League.

Our team is composed of Grace King, captain; Edith Woodbury, Verna Follett, Ruth Droitcour, Helen Hogan, and Patricia Pettingell, manager.



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RUTH DROITCOUR
PATRICIA PETTENGILL

MISS JOHNSON
VERNA FOLLETT
GRACE KING

H. HOGAN
EDITH WOODBURY

Wearers of the



Baseball, 1925

W. PRIOR (CAPT.)
A. ALLENSON
F. CUDDY
A. D'AMICO
M. EVERS
F. GILMAN
P. HIGGINS (MGR.)
H. HODSDON
E. KELLEY
K. POTTER
B. SILVEN
M. SIMS
M. SPIRITOE
E. VERRY

Track, 1925

H. DROITCOUR (CAPT.)
A. ALLENSON
F. CUMERFORD
M. EVERS (MGR.)
W. GREENE
S. HAHN
G. HAINES
R. KIRKER
L. MERRILL
K. READ
D. RENNIE
E. VERRY

Numerals

J. HORTON

Basketball, 1925

GRACE KING (MGR.)
C. HALLERAN
V. FOLLETT

R. DROITCOUR
A. M. TURVILLE
C. MACKAY (CAPT.)

Numerals

H. HOGAN
P. PETTINGELL

Football, 1925

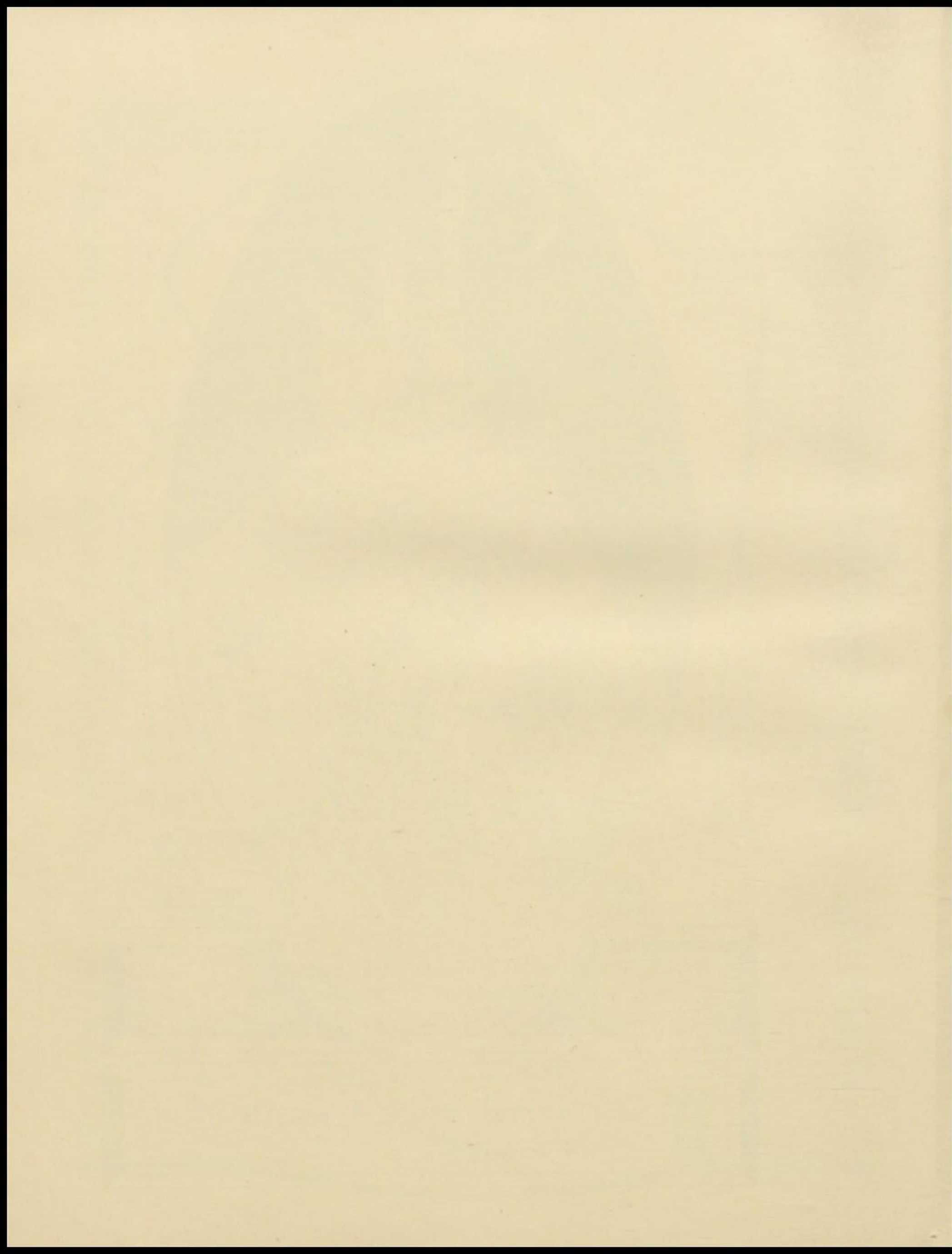
E. OWREN (CAPT.)
E. ANDREW
A. ALLENSON
H. DROITCOUR
J. EVANS
W. GREENE
F. GILMAN
H. HENN
H. HODSDON (MGR.)
J. HORTON
P. HIGGINS
G. HAINES
R. KIRKER
J. MCLEAN
J. PETTINGELL
K. READ
M. SIMS
M. SPIRITOE
H. TRICE

Numerals

H. BRIGHTMAN
S. HAHN
G. JONAH
N. PETTIGREW
H. WHITE



MIRTH, WITH THEE I MEAN
TO LIVE.



The Tale of a Mouse

One winter evening I was doing my lessons when frightful cries awoke me from my slumbers. Shriek upon shriek emerged from the kitchen, where my sister was making a cake. The kitchen door flew open and out she rushed, hysterical. She ran to the parlor and jumped on the sofa, continuing her noisy contortions. From what I could infer she had been frightened by our pet mouse, who has a way of getting into the kitchen cabinet and playing tag with himself.

"I saw it! I saw it!" she cried. "He jumped behind the flour bag—," and she continued her hilarious racket.

I quickly went to the kitchen, closed all doors, and, taking a large broom, advanced to the cabinet. With the handle of the broom I poked the bag, and out jumped the household pest. He immediately tried every exit, but—nothing doing. I could hardly see him (he was so small and moved so rapidly), but finally he rested on the floor near the cabinet and looked at me out of the corner of his left eye. He realized that his hash was simmering.

"Mouse," said I, "we have fed you, housed you, kept you warm in winter, and given you all the comforts of life, but we will not and cannot stand my sister's yelling when you annoy her." I didn't have the heart to kill him without first giving him a general outline of his crimes. Then I grabbed the broom firmly and, with death in my eye, I took a good swat at him. He escaped under the cabinet before I hardly had raised the broom,

but I quickly chased him out of there and he scurried around, hiding under various objects. I chased him from one to the other, steadily whacking the floor right in back of him as he travelled.

He kept running around until he made me dizzy following him; in fact, he went so fast that at times I was serenading him with the broom behind the table, while he was warming his shins under the stove. At last I got peeved that this insignificant mouse was putting me to so much trouble, but I had fully decided that curfew would ring that night. So I laid down my weapon, took off my jacket, vest, and tie, opened my shirt, rolled up my sleeves, and prepared for a second onslaught.

Once, as he ventured across the room, I took a vicious lunge at him, but the broom did not hit the culprit. Instead it knocked off the cans of spices on the open cabinet door, and they spilled all over the floor. This made me more furious than ever and I planned to trap him.

During his extended trips around the room, he always passed one corner. In front of this I placed the waste basket. The next time around the kitchen, when he got in back of the basket, he hesitated a second, and that was the last hesitating he ever did. I hit the basket and the basket hit him, sandwiching him against the wall. He made a noise like the air leaving a balloon and passed out. Victory at last.

I asked my sister to look at her tormentor, but she firmly declined and begged me to dispose of it. Taking an old ice cream box, I shoved

the deceased into it and took it down to the cellar. Then, with the sweat of victory on my heated brow, I opened the furnace door and cremated him.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
If a cat doesn't get you,
Some one else must."

GEORGE WISE, JR., '27

The Songs We Sing

Helen Hogan—"My Wild Irish Rose."
Harold Henn—"Show Me the Way to Go Home."
Gilbert Silven—"Paddlin' Madelin' Home."
Carl Andren—"What Do I Care?"
Hazel Hill—"Roll 'Em, Girls, Roll 'Em."
Milton Patterson—"The Sheik."
Doris Potter—"Look What You've Done With Your Eyes."
Dick Barrett—"Collegiate."
Catherine MacKay—"I Made a Hit With Kit-Kit-Kitty."
Clark Evans—"I'm Sittin' on Top of the World."
Mary Smith—"Mercenary Mary."
Edward Cesare—"Who Wants a Bad Little Boy?"
Charles Capace—"Charlie, My Boy."
Virginia Shabeck—"Stealing to Virginia."
John Walker—"Teasin'."
Marion Walker—"Red-Head Mama."
Norman Pettigrew—"If You Will Be the Only One for Me."
All of Us—"The Prisoner's Song."

Just For Fun

3A Latin, Miss Alford, translating Ovid: "He asked his father for the car for the day."

Miss Carpenter: "Miss Hill, what does a bath usually do?"

Hazel Hill: "I don't know."

Cesare, giving an example of a periodic sentence: "There he lay, his eyes closed, his face white-dead."

The library committee were cutting clippings from the newspaper when Mr. Reynolds entered.

Pop: "So you're cutting up, are you?"

Miss Towne: "Please repeat that sentence. You have seven grunts in it already."

Mr. Thompson: "You can kid a glove, but you can't string beans."

Miss Emerson: "Don't you think there is snow in the air, girls?"

Miss Watson, looking around: "I don't see any."

Miss Emerson: "After a long proof, you will eventually prove $\Delta A = \Delta X$."

Voice from class: "Eventually, why not now?"

Miss Thompson: "To-morrow will you please bring to class a deserted village?"

THE CRANSTONIAN

After "pocula" (cups) had been translated as wine.

Mr. Bosworth: "What is the real meaning of 'pocula'?"

H. Hogan: "Fish."

Miss McInerney: "You will now hear from the orchestra-fairy dolls."

Miss Holt: "Oh, I have a hole in my dress. How do you suppose it got there?"

H. Hogan: "Maybe spontaneous combustion."

Barrett, in Review Geometry class: "Circumscribe a regular hexameter around a circle."

Mr. Thompson, in 1B Chemistry class: "That compound would make your heart beat faster than any love letter you ever saw."

4B Latin: "They placed their limbs drenched with the sea on the sands."

Mr. Bosworth: "What did they do with the rest of their bodies?"

Helen Hogan, translating sight French: "Monté sur un cheval de petite taille"—
"Mounted on a horse with a little tail."

Miss Carpenter, reading Macbeth: "Time was that when the brains were out the man would die. And there an end." Those were the happy days.

Mr. Thompson: "You can tell the difference between a grasshopper and a bee because you know how they work."

Heard in 3B French class: "Miss Nevil left the window blushing."

Latin Teacher: "What is the verb 'to seize'?"

Bright Freshman: "Er—er—grabs!"

Isabelle Daneker: "My hair is straight and it looks terrible."

Louise McNamara: "What about mine?"

Isabelle Daneker: "Well, you're supposed to look that way."

Miss Carpenter: "What is a vignette?"

Helen Hogan: "They have them in the Sunday Journal."

Wise: "Hands on shoulders place."

Miss Towne: "There'd be some queer looking creatures in this room if your shoulders were where some of you have your hands."

Mr. Bosworth: "Did you understand that, Miss Hogan?"

Helen Hogan: "Yes, M'am."

Kalajian, in Physics class, trying to do a problem: "How many gallons are there in a liter of water?"

Grace King, translating: "They fill their eyes with tears."

Mr. Bosworth: "Where did they get them?"

Red Anthony: "Would a rubber heel be an example of the Law of Reaction?"

Mr. Thompson: "Yes, like the milkmen, they take the jar off the step."

Louis Kalajian, in Chemistry class after school: "How much does 16 grams of oxygen weigh?"

Seen on a French paper: "J'ai été beaucoup d'animaux et des haricots verts."

Mr. Bosworth: "Did you do this since this morning?"

Barrett: "Oh, yes, I did it last night."

5th Period Latin class—

Miss Barrett: "What word is derived from celer?"

Barnard: "Celery."

6th Period English class—

Miss Milliken: "What figure do you find in this sentence, 'Your cake is dough?' "

Del Fiore: "That's irony."

THE CRANSTONIAN

- Mr. Reynolds: "Did you know that the Germans had eyes in the back of their heads?"
Pupil: "No."
Mr. Reynolds: "Well, it says so in your books."
Pupil: "Where?"
Mr. Reynolds: "It says the Germans have stern blue eyes."
Miss Reeves: "I want to hear you all watching the board."
Laura Nye, translating: "Qui vive?", "Who lives?"
Miss Benton: "No one lives."
Doris Deming, in home room meeting: "I move that the close be poled."
Miss Johnson, to physical training class: "This is an exercise for dumb bells."
Mr. Bosworth: "What does it mean by saying not to be tired of flight?"
Doris Deming: "Don't give up flight, but keep on fighting."
Mr. Merritt to class: "All boys who wish to join the Girls' Glee Club, please pass to the hall."
Miss Spencer: "What are pauses?"
Freshman: "They grow on cats."
Miss Towne, to Freshman: "Why are you tardy?"
Freshman: "Class began before I got here."
Miss Holt: "What are you late for?"
Matteson: "For class, I suppose."
Miss Holt: "The river goddess was smoking in the middle of the river."
Miss Emerson: "Class ready to stand—now with your minds not on your feet."
Moody: "Most people's minds are in their feet."
Miss Milliken: "Can't you think of some good quality of Shylock?"
White: "Well, Shylock loved his wife, and that is more than a lot of men do."
Wise, leading physical training: "Inhale! Now everybody breathe!"
Miss Carpenter: "What color is amber?"
Smith: "Pinkish red."
First Sophomore: "I must be a fine cook."
Second Sophomore: "How's that?"
First Sophomore: "I make hash out of Latin."
Milton Patterson, in "My Lady's Lace": "There is no Dutch lace in Holland."
Helen Hogan, reading biography of John K. Fenner: "John K. Fenner was born in Johnston in 1776."
After Miss Holt had called Cesare, "Cicero."
Cesare: "If you call me Cicero, I'll call you Cleopatra."
Miss Page: "Miss Blair, translate this sentence."
Miss Blair, reading: "The patient is ill with romantic fever."
Miss Holt: "I always thought it bad manners to eat candy and not pass it around. Migliaccio passes it around the room."
Teacher, to Miss Haddock: "Please put your example on the board, Miss Fish."

THE CRANSTONIAN



SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

School News

Of all the schools you could suggest
Cranston High School is the best.
Of many reasons why that's so,
A few at least I'll try to show:
Our Student Council does its bit
By making rules that always fit;
The marshals, too, I dare to say,
Have helped this school in many a way.
Our faculty is learn'd and wise,
And toward high knowledge helps us rise.
In sports we're heading toward the top;
Not even there mean we to stop.
Our scholarship is ranked so high
That other schools can only sigh.
School spirit, honor, love, and pride
In every pupil's heart abide.
That's why our deeds are doubly blest—
That's why we call our school the best.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The aim of this association, since its organization in 1920, has been, primarily, co-operation between the parents and the teachers. The best opportunity for strengthening this co-operation is found by parents attending the meetings held monthly in the school auditorium, where they meet the teachers, and thereby obtain a better understanding of the work and the progress of the pupil. An annual "Parents' Night" is given, when the school rooms are open for inspection, and all members of the faculty are present, thus giving fathers as well as mothers an opportunity to meet them. The annual "Style Show" given in March, presenting appropriate dress for High School girls, with pupils as models, has become a permanent institution.

Financially, the association has

helped the Valentine Almy Library, the Boys' Athletic Association, the Octave Club, the High School Orchestra, and has annually furnished pins for the school members of the Rhode Island Honor Society. Through its efforts the lunch room has been repaired and renovated and a sanitary floor covering put on the basement.

The C. H. S. P. T. A. stands ready to respond to any request for aid when the object is the benefit of the school. With an enrollment of over 700 pupils, the membership of the association should be a large one. With the interest of the pupils aroused enough to really urge the parents to join, fathers as well as mothers being eligible for membership, much more could be accomplished.



OUR FACULTY

We have a staff in Cranston High
Whose honors, no one dares deny,
Deserve a word of praise, or two,
Before this Senior class is through,
The first among the faculty
Is Mr. Bosworth, certainly,
Our principal, upholding right
And helping out of every plight.
Now Mr. Thompson, I will say,
Is his assistant in every way.
He has, quite true, a specialty,
And that, we know, is chemistry.
Miss Carpenter, it must be said,
Deserves much praise as English head.
Miss Towne can truly "parlez-vous"
Just like real Parisians do.
Miss Emerson came recently—
Her hobby is geometry.
Miss Thompson shows us all the way
To better English day by day.
We find Miss Kane in room sixteen,
Whose teaching hist'ry is supreme.
Pop Reynolds is one we all know well—
On ancient his'try does he dwell,
Miss Holt can teach our Latin so
That no one fails in Cicero.
And all the others, I would deem
Worthy indeed of high esteem.
And so before this verse is done,
Let's give three cheers for everyone.



Mrs. Card

Mrs. Card, the "school mother," is this year rounding out her twentieth year as head of our school lunch room. Her kind assistance in illness and accidents of the students has endeared her to every student who has had occasion to seek her aid. A member of the first graduating class, and a former teacher in the Princess Avenue and Highland Park Schools, she reluctantly agreed to take charge of the High School lunch room, believing that she would remain but a few months. But now, in her twentieth year here, she says that she misses the school in vacation, so fond has she grown of it.

When asked her opinion of the students, Mrs. Card replied: "I think the boys and girls are just perfectly wonderful. They are patient and agreeable, and the only reason they ever find fault is because I won't sell

them pickles." Speaking of food, Mrs. Card remarked: "The favorite desert, without a doubt, is hot apple pie and ice cream. Pies are more expensive than before the war," she said. "At that time a quarter of a pie was sold for only five cents. Prices of everything seem to have risen; and when I raise my prices, accordingly, the pupils realize, and are very sympathetic."

When Mrs. Card first came to the High School, she used the small furnace room for her kitchen. This was very inconvenient and hard to work in. Matters have improved a great deal, although she still works under great difficulties.

As members of the Senior class, and as spokesmen for all undergraduates, we wish to express our sincere thanks and gratitude to Mrs. Card for her long and loyal services.

Parents' Night

A most interesting innovation, in the form of "Parents' Night," was held at the High School Wednesday evening, November 18th, from seven until ten o'clock. A large number of parents made use of the opportunity to see their children's work, and also to talk with the teachers. Two parents and a teacher acted as hostesses in each room.

Each room was decorated either to show the subject taught in the room or to represent the home room organization. The Latin department was well exhibited in Room 17. Pictures of scenes and customs of ancient Rome, excellent translations from Cicero and Virgil, and mottoes and quotations from Latin authors were on display, as well as a model of Caesar's famous bridge, and a model of a Roman house. The English department was also ably represented. The boards of the rooms in which English is taught were decorated with pictures of authors, quotations from great writers, and tributes to famous authors. Well written themes and other examples of the best work were displayed on the desks, that the parents might see their children's progress. The mathematics department presented an interesting display of geometrical figures, both on the boards and on desks, and difficult algebraic and numerical problems were also exhibited. The history classes had an excellent array of maps on display. One of the most unusual exhibitions took place in the chemical laboratory. The Chemistry Club, a

new organization in the school, had charge of the very successful program. Several groups performed experiments and explained them to an appreciative and interested audience. The Domestic Science room was very attractive with its neat display of canned fruit and vegetables, bread, cake, cookies, and jars of transparent jelly. In the manual training and art department, the students' best works were shown. The library, one of the centers of interest, was most attractively arranged. Vases of fresh cut flowers were on each table. On the bulletin boards were placed slogans about books and good English, book posters, timely news items, and pictures of authors and of classical subjects. The general atmosphere of the library, as of every other room, was one of friendliness and welcome.

Following the inspection of the rooms, the parents were attracted to the hall by music from the school orchestra. Mrs. Clark a former President of the Parent-Teacher Association, addressed the assembly in place of Mrs. Jenkins, President of the association, who was unable to speak that evening. Following the talk, the audience enjoyed a musical program by the orchestra and members of the school. At its conclusion, refreshments of their own making were served by girls of the Domestic Science class.

Teachers and parents were equally pleased with the result of this work. Mr. Bosworth believes that the success of the evening was sufficient to make it an annual event.

Senior Dance

On the evening of December 11, 1925 the class of 1926 held its Senior Ball. The committee in charge had worked hard to make the dance a success, and was well rewarded by the praise of the guests.

The decorations were of a Christmas nature. The lights were decorated with red paper; red streamers, coming from the lights in the center of the hall, were wound about the poles, and pine boughs were placed in front of the stage. The numerals, 1926, made of green boughs, were fastened on the red lowered curtain of the stage, again emphasizing the Christmas color scheme.

About thirty couples were present. In the intermission, noisemakers were passed around, causing the Seniors and their guests to act more like Freshmen than the Freshmen themselves.

The committee in charge of the affair consisted of Herbert Rosefield, chairman; Barbara Chase, Grace Collins, Webster Whitman, Charlotte Halleran, and Richard Barrett. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. Read, Miss Towne, Miss Thompson, and the other Senior teachers. Miss Butterfield, a former teacher, was a guest of honor.

Miss French Kid Speaks

"Oh, Frenchie," murmured Miss Satin Shoe, sleepily, "you've been out?"

"Yes, Satin," answered her closet mate, Miss French Kid. "I've been to that party I told you was going to be held January 22. It was the Junior-Senior Prom at Cranston High School. I've heard somebody say that it was a rickety old hall, but, as far as I could see, all the ricketiness was covered up by the prettiest blue and gold decorations."

"All the pretty shoes I saw, too! And all the pretty bright dresses that went with them! I danced with so many of our male friends! There wasn't much difference in their looks; but, my dear, there were a thousand and one ways of keeping time! I do

believe I've a hole worn right through my sole."

"There was one time when there wasn't any music, but a good deal of laughter and talk about the most delicious ice cream I have ever tasted."

"Then, one dance I got all tangled up in some funny, bright-colored streamers. Such a tangle! Why, it nearly took my heel off!"

"Eleven o'clock came, and a pair of black satin slippers, accompanied by a pair of masculine shoes, took the floor! Their owners yelled about Seniors, cheers, and locomotives. Then, my dear, our mistress yelled and actually stamped me so hard it took all my breath away!"

"However, here I am, none the worse for wear and ready for another such merry, jolly party."

SENIOR BANQUET

On an eve in February
In the dining-hall of Shepard's
Dined some boys and girls from Cranston;
'Twas the mid-year class from Cranston.
Green and White, the high school colors,
Trimmed the handsome banquet table.
For each lass there was a dollie—
Dollie for her dressing-table;
For each lad, a dark green pencil.

After luscious food was eaten
And the night was getting later,
Up jumped King, the high and mighty—
King, the monarch of the classes;
Made a speech, as duty bade him;
Pictures to his school presented
From his loving fellow-classmates.
Then the Principal did thank them—
Thanked them for the gifts so precious.

Then they all did leave the dinner—
Left the banquet hall of Shepard's,
Went together up Westminster
Till they reached their destination
At the famous Modern Theatre.
Here they all had cause to marvel
At the talent of the players,
At the mystic revelations
Of a queer and gruesome murder.
Then at last it all was over,
Finished as all things must finish.
Now 'tis but a happy instant
In a world of pleasant memories.

C. MACKAY

The Orchestra

Our steadily increasing orchestra now numbers thirty-eight. The addition of not only several violins, but also of three saxophones and two cellos, has brought about a great improvement. We were complimented on the excellence of our graduation music last year.

On Parents' Night the orchestra played several selections; at our

monthly musical assemblies, we have played at least twice. We also entertained the Octave Club at its most important meeting, when pupils from other schools were present.

We shall lose four members by graduation, among them Lowell Merrill, our concert master for the past three years.

Assemblies

On Friday, December 18, Mrs. Edna P. Fox, well known lecturer, gave an inspiring talk in the hall. Mrs. Fox said that she deeply resented that high school girls and boys as a whole are being unjustly criticized for the unseemly conduct of only a few of their number. She urged us not to spend time which should be spent in the open air, at a moving picture theatre; emphasized the value of reading good books; and left with us five ideas: the first, that we should get enough rest; second, that we should use common sense in what we eat; third, that we should take care that all our habits be good ones, fourth, that we should have physical cleanliness; and fifth, that we should try to cultivate mental cleanliness.

On December 23rd, we enjoyed the Thyrsus Club Christmas party. "The Reverie," a one-act play, was presented. Then our old friend Santa Claus appeared. After wishing us all a merry Christmas, he swiftly unpacked his bag, and with his usual jolly remarks, distributed presents to the faculty, C's to the football men, a check to the library, and lolly pops to everybody.

At the Monday morning assembly of January 11, 1926, another enjoyable musical program was given. Mrs. Lucille Wright played a group of piano selections, which were very well received. Haydn's symphony by the orchestra followed.

Carrying out the plan of having a musical program each month, Miss McInerney gave us a pleasing surprise at the assembly of December 21, when she presented to us Mrs. Earl Goodwin, accompanied on the piano by Miss Marion Bidwell, a former graduate of Cranston. Then Hugo Norden, '27, played two violin solos,

which were followed by a group of children's songs by Mrs. Goodwin.

On January 18, before the admission of the honor pupils to the Rhode Island Honor Society, Mr. Alfred M. Hitchcock of the Hartford High School addressed our assembly. He enlarged entertainingly on three reasons why we should strive for good English: a "bread and butter"—business-reason, a "chocolate cake"—social-reason, and a "hyacinth"—beauty-reason. He particularly stressed the fact that by our English we reveal our character, that our English is ourselves.

On Friday, February 12, we assembled in the hall to commemorate Lincoln's birthday. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was sung and Lincoln's Gettysburg address read. Reverend Mr. Lothrop of the People's Baptist Church in Auburn gave us an inspiring talk on Abraham Lincoln. He stressed the great President's honesty, his keen sense of humor, his remarkable qualities of leadership, the greatness and the kindness of his heart, and his unceasing faith in God. The assembly ended with the singing of "America, the Beautiful," and a salute to the flag.

At our weekly assembly, Tuesday morning, February 23, Mr. Leaming, organizer of the first Better Business Bureau, established in Providence, addressed the students on the occasion of "Truth Week."

On Monday, April 5, we enjoyed one of the most unique programs of the year. A large radio had been installed on the stage, and a member of the Thyrsus Club tuned in on Station WCHS, Cranston, Rhode Island. We then heard each member of the club address us in the person of his part in "Clarence."

THE CRANSTONIAN



Directed by: W. A. BELSEY
Interlocutor: C. W. MERRITT

Opening Chorus—"Bam-Bam-Bammy Shore"	Entire Company
Song—"Some Time"	Anna Edwards
End Song—"That Certain Party"	Hodsdon
Dance	Eunice Greenlees
Song—"Sleepy Time Gal"	Helen Lewis
End Song—"Masculine Women"	Sullivan
Duet—"When the One You Love"	Misses Barnard
Song—"Who"	Grace Calvert
End Song—"Winegar Works"	Higgins
Song—"Wait Till the Cows Come Home"	Pat Pettingell
Specialty	Misses Pierce and Dillon
Song—"Five Foot-Two"	Eunice Stubbs
End Song—"Freshie"	Pettingell
Song—"I Never Knew"	John Walker
Song—"Sweet Georgia Brown"	Mabel Quinton
End Song—"Whoopee"	Rosefield
Selection	Cranston Radio Boys (Waikiki Four)
Dance	Mabel Quinton
Song—"I Wonder Where My Baby Is?"	Matteson
Closing Chorus—"Paddlin' Madelin Home"	Entire Company

THE CRANSTONIAN

PRESENT LOCATION OF CLASS OF '25

BROWN UNIVERSITY

Elinor Margerum
Louis Cook

Katharine Simpson
George Ringler

KINGSTON COLLEGE

Ruth Barnes
Richard Conklin
Daniel Fitts
Miriam Hope

Wallace McKenzie
Helen Bowerman
Alvan Anderson
Dorothy Champlin

R. I. COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Alva Anderson
Ida Anderson
May Hanson
Evelyn Higgins
Marcellian Hogan

Marie McAndrew
Elin Malmberg
Mildred Quimby
Ruth Rostedt
Leah Spencer

R. I. SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Frances Bowerman

Ivah Towne

SIMMONS COLLEGE

Eloise Taber

Grace Law

KATHARINE GIBBS' SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Jean Cunningham

Charlotte Stickney

Dorothy Jones

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Thelma Linscott

MRS. KNOTT'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Christine Whitmore

Lucy Collins

WHEELOCK SCHOOL FOR KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS

Dorothy Knott

LESLIE SCHOOL FOR KINDERGARTEN TEACHERS

Helen Johnson

Janet Read

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Raymond Jenkins

RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL

Elinor Parmelee

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Harry Seelen

Alumni Notes

ALL-CRANSTON MARRIAGES

Havena Hopkins, 1920—Gordon Kenney, 1916
 Idella Thorne—James Mitchell
 Dorothy Thorne—Arthur Mitchell
 Beatrice Richards, 1920—Elmer Wright, 1919
 Ruth Bugbee, 1920—Jack Lubrano, 1919
 Minnie Slocum—Amos Jordan
 Betty Holmes, 1918—Marsden Earle, 1921
 Olive Pierce, 1919—Bennie Miller, 1919
 Helen Davis, 1914—Melvin Brightman, 1914

OTHER RECENT MARRIAGES

Amy Whittier, 1918—Philip Starrett
 Doris Carpenter, 1921—William Loutit
 Marion Longfellow, 1917—Harold Goodby
 Ruth Payson, 1918—Roland Goff
 Madeleine Anderson, 1921—Theodore Trowbridge

ENGAGEMENTS

Louise McMann, 1918—William Coggeshall, 1920
 Ethel Haven, 1921—Stuart Reid
 Doris Johnson—Milton Prior

Alumni News

On the honor roll of Kingston for the first semester were Charles G. Cloudman, '24; Edward A. Mowbray, '24; and Ruth B. Barnes, '25.

Elinor Margerum, '25, is on the honor roll of the Mathematics Department of Brown.

Daniel Fitts, '25, is President of the Freshman class at Kingston College, and Helen Bowerman, '25, Vice-President.

Doris Burbank, '25, now at Wheaton College, recently played the part of Cleo Patra in "The Sabine

Women," by Leonard Andreyef, given by the Dramatic Association.

Norman E. MacKay, President of class of '18, Brown '22, was married September 12, 1925, to Miss Harriet Seabury, and now holds a position on the Miami Herald, Miami, Florida.

Dorothy Williams, '21, is studying in New York City to be a deaconess of the Episcopal Church.

Helen Jones, '20, is teacher of mathematics in the Bridgewater High School.

David Midgley, '17, and Brown '21, is teaching History at the Albany Academy, Albany, N. Y.

Kenilworth Mathus, '19, and Brown '22, is director of publications of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Dorothy Stevens, '16, and Wellesley '21, is leading soprano singer at the Central Congregational Church, Providence.

Ethel Adela Noyes, '21, is a graduate nurse at the Rhode Island Hospital.

Lois Barrows, '23, is teaching kindergarten in a Cranston primary school.

Dorothy Clark, '24, entered Wellesley as a Freshman in September, 1925.

Robert Johnson entered West Point in January, 1925.

Harold Pearce, '18, Brown '22, is sales manager and assistant secretary

of the Welsh Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of optical goods, and pen and pencil specialties.

Russell Jones, '19, employed by the law firm of Tillinghast and Collins, in Providence, has been appointed assistant to United States District Attorney John Murdock.

Russell Stapleton is employed as a salesman with the Bickford Engraving Company of Providence.

Milton Prior is employed at Hartford as a salesman for Princeton and Smith, machinery jobbers.

Honors were given this year at Brown University to the following C. H. S. graduates:

T. E. Beehan, '22, to Sigma Xi.

Claudine Walford, '22, to Phi Beta Kappa.

Elmer Smith, '22, to Phi Beta Kappa.

Mildred Fisher, '23, to Phi Beta Kappa.

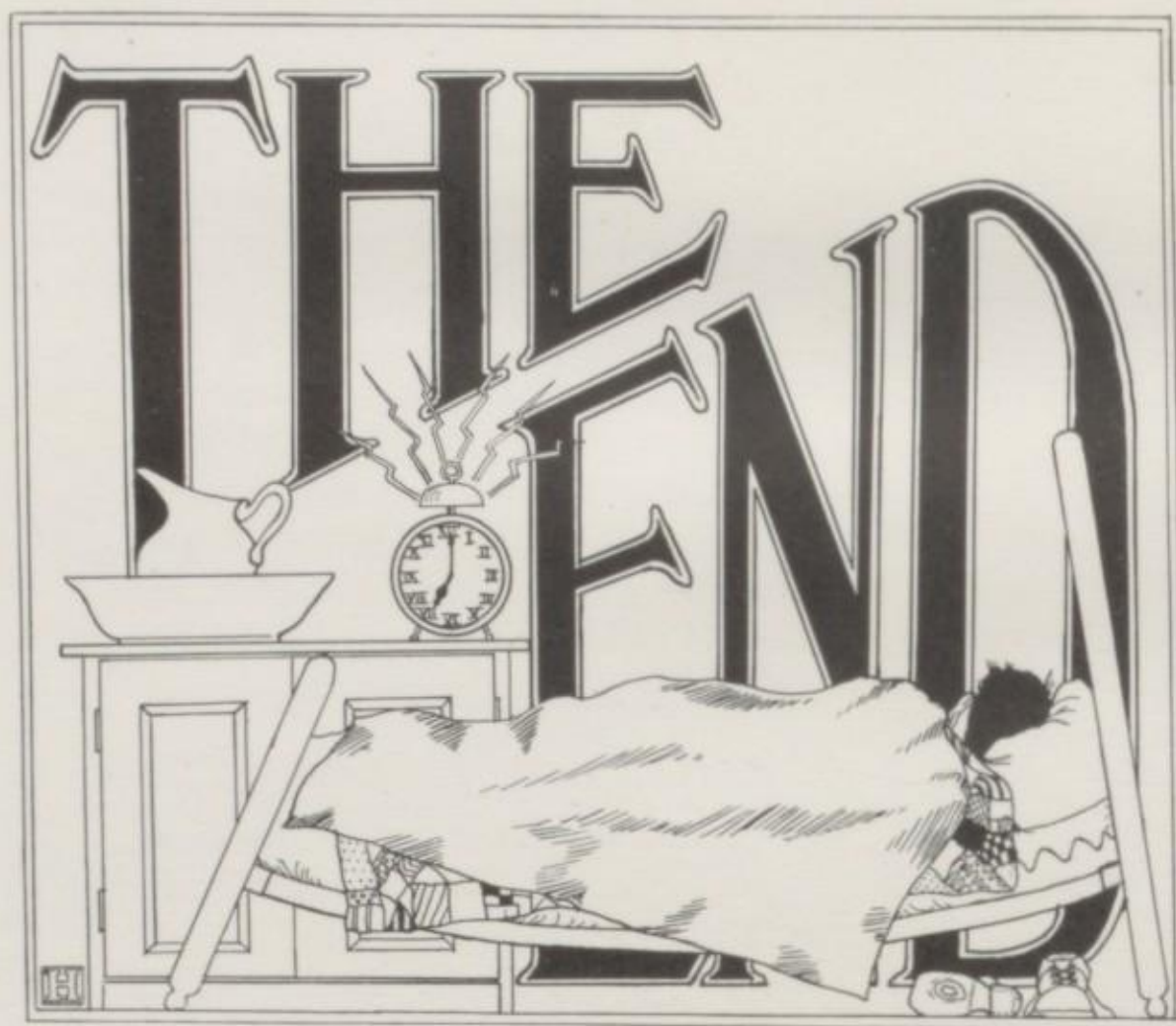
Acknowledgments

1925

No *Cranstonian* could ever be published unless the Board had the co-operation of the school. Realizing this, the editors wish to thank all those who have in any way helped in the preparation of this book. Barbara Chase, Ruth Droitcour, George Haines, and Frank Pezza have contributed artistic drawings. Damiano Pagliarini and Marjorie Sprague have spent much time in taking snap-shots. We thank those who have shown their *Cranstonian* spirit by contributing stories, poems, essays, articles, and jokes.

To all those who have made this book a financial success, especially to Howard Brightman, Donald Cameron, and Marion Wellington, heads of the three advertising clubs, and to Hope Webster, Charles Nelson, and Helen Hines, who secured many ads, we feel greatly indebted.

We take this opportunity to thank the writers of the school history, and Miss Thompson for aiding them in the preparation of the history, and all other members of the faculty who have helped this book. We also wish to extend our sincere thanks to Miss Carpenter and Miss Kane, our faculty advisers, through whose untiring aid we have succeeded in publishing this book.



THE CRANSTONIAN

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Our Advertisers



Charles B. Maguire Co.

General Contractors

507 GROSVENOR BUILDING
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Compliments of

MAYOR
ARTHUR A. RHODES

SEPTEMBER

14. The school portals open and usher in the joyous students!
15. Freshmen wildly hunt for their rooms.
-

This Book Was Printed By

THE OXFORD PRESS

"The Complete Printing Plant"

COR. PUBLIC AND TEMPLE STREETS

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*We Make a Specialty of School
Publications and Catalogs, etc.*

THE CRANSTONIAN

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Our Advertisers*

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SUSIE J. HARRINGTON

ARLON LITTLEFIELD

JOHN J. MCCORMICK

ROY S. WHITMORE

SEPTEMBER

21. We miss gazing at the Freshmen at our first assembly. They could not squeeze in.
26. The football season opens. Central Falls-Cranston 7-6.
-

Class Photographer for 1926

WE INVITE YOU FOR 1927

LOUIS OLIVER

Compliments of

Cranston High School Parent-Teacher Association

OCTOBER

- 2. The first league game. Cranston-Hope 0-0.
 - 6. Thyrsus Club elects officers and presents the play, "Half in Half."
-

Fraternity, College and Class Jewelry

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS
AND INVITATIONS

OFFICIAL JEWELER TO CRANSTON HIGH SCHOOL

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers

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ASK ANY COLLEGE GREEK

Include the Subject of Thrift in Your Course of Study

It is the intelligent student with a keen business sense who realizes the value of Thrift and starts a Savings Account here in his school days. A small part of your allowance regularly deposited will make you financially prepared to realize your ambitions.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

Member of Federal Reserve System

Resources More Than \$100,000,000

OCTOBER

12. Columbus Day. Cranston-Pawtucket 6-6.

19. President Warren Pearce of the 3B class makes his first "speech" in the hall.

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE

Offers Free Collegiate Instruction to residents of Rhode Island, who present for entrance fifteen units of high school work

COURSES OF STUDY:

Agriculture, General Science, Home Economics, Mechanical, Civil, Chemical and Electrical Engineering; Business Administration; Military Department, Reserve Officers' Training Corps

BOARD AND ROOM RENT AT COST

Total Estimate of Expense Yearly—\$400

FOR CATALOG ADDRESS

REGISTRAR, RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE
KINGSTON, R. I.

THE CRANSTONIAN

Please
Patronize
Our Advertisers

100 YEARS OF HARDWARE 1826-1926

ANNOUNCING the one hundredth Anniversary of the founding of our house by Joseph Belcher in the spring of 1826.

We thank you for the loyal support that has made our success possible, and promise our steadfast adherence to the policy of fair dealing so consistently followed by the builders of this business.

May those who follow us be able on the *two hundredth* anniversary to look back with the same feelings of pride and satisfaction that animate us on this occasion.

LET US SERVE YOU

BELCHER & LOOMIS
HARDWARE CO.
83-91 WEYBOSSET STREET
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

OCTOBER

- 20. An explosion! Misses King and Rydberg try to blow up the school.
- 21. Reports, celebrated by the 3B dance.

THE CRANSTONIAN

Just a Word of Praise

Our advertising department receives many school magazines and annuals in the course of the year—the CRANSTONIAN included. While comparisons may be "odorous"—as Shakespeare tells us they are—a friendly word of praise certainly should not be so classed.

What our advertiser would like to say is simply this:

"Of all the Rhode Island school publications similar in character to the CRANSTONIAN—none is superior to it in text, illustration, general make-up."

And our advertiser might add without appearing super-critical, his conviction that few publications of the kind attain the CRANSTONIAN'S high level of excellence!

Cherry & Webb Co.

SUCCESSFUL MEN

The successful man has an objective—something worth while to work for, to save for. He plans days and months ahead.

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CONVENIENTLY LOCATED AT 27 MARKET SQUARE

Two kinds of interest

Personal and $4\frac{1}{2}\%$

OCTOBER

- 23. Cranston-Classical 20-0.
 - 29. Teachers go to school, but we have a good time.
 - 30. East Providence-Cranston 33-0.
-

THE ONLY COMPLETE ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE PLANT
IN RHODE ISLAND

BICKFORD ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE CO.

*Halftones, Electrotypes, Zinc Etchings, Wood Engraving Artists, Retouchers,
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20 MATHEWSON STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE CRANSTONIAN

Please
Patronize
Our Advertisers



NOVEMBER

3. Mr. Bosworth actually forgets to appear at his Latin class.
6. The *Cranstonian* Board is elected. Woonsocket-Cranston 6-3.

You Don't Need Algebra To Figure This Out

Where other stores must buy their clothing from a manufacturer and add their profit to the manufacturer's, Browning, King & Company make all the Browning, King clothing. Where can you get the most value for your money? You don't need algebra to figure this out.

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Westminster and Eddy Streets

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"A National Institution from Coast to Coast"

Training Future Executives

Bryant & Stratton College is the only *private* business institution in New England state authorized to confer degrees for these college-grade courses:

Business Administration, Higher Accountancy,
Secretarial Science, Normal Commercial

Bryant & Stratton Degrees are recognized by business leaders. Graduates are sought for the better positions with higher salaries. Over 1000 calls a year are received by our free Placement Bureau.

Register Now for Summer School—July and August or for 64th year—
day or evening sessions—opening in September.

Bryant & Stratton College

Founded 1863

Bryant & Stratton Building
Fountain Street at Union
Providence, R. I.

NOVEMBER

- 11. Another holiday in honor of the signing of the Armistice.
 - 13. Cranston-West Warwick 26-0.
-

BOYS AND GIRLS

Step Out as Leaders of Your Classmates

Have your parents bring you to our store for outfitting. Assortments are always complete and our stocks include apparel to fit every pocketbook.

THE OUTLET COMPANY

PROVIDENCE

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Compliments of

JOHN M. DEAN

NOVEMBER

16. Thyrsus Club presents "My Lady's Lace."
17. Mr. Budlong, from the American Legion, speaks on the respect due the flag.

Prompt Service Shop Steam Heated
W. H. & H. W. WHITEHEAD CO.
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Telephone Broad 0141-R

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c/o WALTER HOCKING
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MILK

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M. N. CARTIER & SONS CO.

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Roger Williams—Ginasco Asphalt Shingles

Eternit Brand Asbestos Shingles

Keystone Quality Brand Twenty Year Bonded Stag and Gravel Built-up Roof

NOVEMBER

18. Thrift cashiers are elected to help us save. Many parents inspect the work of the school on our first Parents' Night.

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36 Exchange Place

Providence, R. I.

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Reach Baseball and Sporting Goods

Agents for

Louisville Slugger Bats

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A CRANSTON NEWSPAPER for CRANSTON PEOPLE

Cranston High School Pupils
and Teachers are invited to submit
news items for our columns.

Cranston News
Cranston News Building
Room 8, 830 Park Avenue

NOVEMBER

18-20. Those beautiful ten-week exams!

25. Girl Reserves collect baskets for the poor.

Compliments of

C. J. THOMSON

AUTO SUPPLIES, GASOLINE, OILS, GREASES

HOOD AND FIRESTONE TIRES AND TUBES

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GRAIN

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Telephone Union 3898

Telephone Connection

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Funeral Flowers a Specialty

446 Cranston Street
Near Superior

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HENRY A. JONES, M. D.

506 Pontiac Avenue

Auburn, R. I.

Telephone Broad 3264

NOVEMBER

26-27. We bewail our fate, for this year we have one day less for vacation.

30. Barrett takes a 15-minute nap in geometry.

EDEN PARK GARAGE

HILMER G. ERICKSON

AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING

Authorized Sales and Service for
Buick and Ford Cars

72 Rolfe Street

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Phone Broad 7324

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No Meal is Complete Without Meat

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Gardner Block

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Representative of Third District

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C. L. HOLMES

J. PUTNEY & COMPANY

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830 Park Avenue

Auburn, R. I.

M. DOLAN'S

2 in 1 Store

DRUGS

HARDWARE

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Kenney Manufacturing Company

DECEMBER

1. Helen Hogan takes a collection at lunch for a new electric light bulb for the girls' lunch room.

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Textile and Coil Winding Machinery

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The efficiency of our engineering staff and our ability to meet all reputable competition compels a confidence in our service that is unequalled in the city.

IF it's new and worth while in Radio, we have it.

B. & H. Supply Co., Inc.

116 Mathewson Street
Phone Gaspee 5550

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Compliments of

OUR LUNCH ROOM

EDWARD E. BIDMEAD

Gasfitting, Heating, Tinsmith and Plumber

Telephone Connection

2195 Broad Street

Pawtuxet, R. I.

DECEMBER

2. We have a new bulb. Did Helen buy it?
3. Barrett is absent. We wonder if he is still asleep.

WM. MILLS & SON

58-60 Arcade

Providence, R. I.

Gaspee 4451

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Open Evenings and Sundays

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MR. PAUL D. JORJORIAN

Compliments of

C. L. BUTLER & SONS

CATERERS

272-274 Cranston Street

Walker Electric Co.

262-264 Weybosset Street

Lighting Fixtures of Quality

DECEMBER

4. Isabell Daneker brings a pound of tea to school for lunch.
5. We give up all hope for Barrett.

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Coal

Coal in Ton Lots

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Pontiac, R. I.

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CHIROPRACTOR

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MOTOR CARS

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Compliments of

LEWIS A. SHIPPEE

Compliments of

REV. ALBERT C. LARNED

Rector of St. David Parish
Meshanticut, R. I.

DECEMBER

7. Mystery solved! Barrett, wide awake, returns to school.
8. Room 12 has a visitor who makes Kitty MacKay look tall.

PARK AVENUE BARBER SHOP

Special Chair for Ladies

629 Park Avenue Auburn, R. I.

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Finished with the nap, brushed out soft and fluffy. New bindings put on by special sewing machine.

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Tested Cows

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Compliments of

WILLIAM H. YOUNG
QUALITY AUTO PAINTING
POLISHED DUCT.

Chestnut Grove Cranston, R. I.

DECEMBER

10. Look pleasant! Pagliarini takes our pictures in the library.
11. Red Anthony gives a public demonstration of how to stall three minutes before the bell.
The Senior Dance.

Compliments of

WEEDEN F. SCRIBNER

ICE DEALER

15 Clarion Street Meshanticut Park

Compliments of

BAY STATE LUNCH

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ARTHUR C. AUSTIN

Compliments of

BENJAMIN S. LEE

West 3869

Arlington Tonsorial Parlor

BOB AND SHINGLE OUR SPECIALTY
916 Cranston Street Arlington, R. I.
CORNELIUS CAMPANI, Prop.

Compliments of

Lanning's
Orchestra

Call Gaspee 6357

DECEMBER

14. Mr. Bosworth reads the records of our graduates at Brown. We leave the hall with high hopes for the future.

Compliments of



FIRESTONE

TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

Aborn Street

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Compliments of

CITY HALL GIRLS

Compliments of

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MEAT MARKET AND GROCERY
1334 Cranston Street Cranston, R. I.

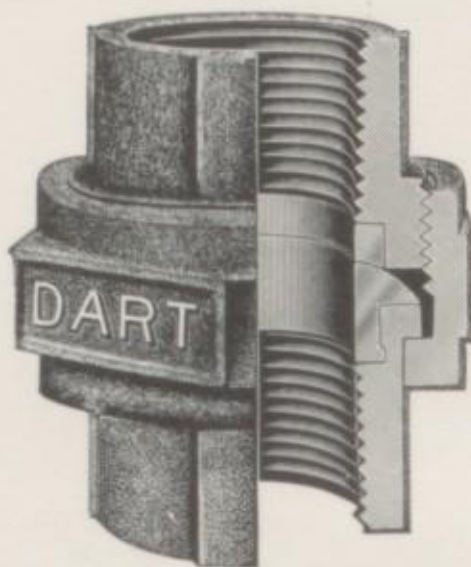
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OPTICIANS

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ELTON F. DURFEE

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18. Mrs. Fox gives an inspiring talk in the hall.

21. Special not running; Kingsley Read rides to school in a Luxor taxi.

Compliments of

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Compliments of

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Boston

82 Weybosset Street

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Resolutions, Memorials, Diplomas

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GENERAL TRUCKING AND CONTRACT

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"We Specialize in Contract Coal
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22. Room 13 has 100% bank! The bells take their vacation ahead of time.
23. Santa Claus brings lollipops for us and fitting presents for the teachers; e. g., a package of hair nets for Mr. Reynolds.

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Telephone 976 Union

DECEMBER

24—Jan. 3. Eleven holidays!

JANUARY

4. Everyone returns, wearing bright, new Christmas presents.

Compliments of

Rhodes

on the

Pawtuxet

Compliments of

PAWTUXET SHOE STORE

Shoes for the Entire Family at
Reasonable Prices

2179 Broad Street Pawtuxet, R. I.

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Service on All Makes. We have a Service Car.
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The Best in Meats and Groceries

M. F. GORMLEY

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Formerly Grant Bros.

JANUARY

5. Verna Follett, going down town for the *Cranstonian* Board picture, wears her hat backwards.

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Your Car a Drink
CHOW INN

On the Taunton Pike—Ten Miles from
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Dry Goods, Furnishings, Dutchess Trousers,
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Oak Lawn

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TAPESTRYS

PROVIDENCE PICTURE
FRAME CO.

THE
ARCADE ART STORE
61 ARCADE BLDG.

JANUARY

- 7. Hockey—Cranston-East Providence 1-0.
- 8. Basketball—Cranston-Trade School 29-8.
- Hockey—Cranston-Pawtucket 2-0.

Compliments of

Maine Creamery Co.

ICE CREAM

The National Dessert

Compliments of

W. M. HILL

Compliments of

EDMUND LAKE
THRIFT CASHIER
Room 15

BURNS

Will

DYE FOR YOU

Call Broad 4500

BURNS DYE HOUSE

French Cleansers and Dyers

Auburn, R. I.

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Compliments of

JOHN K. FENNER

FANNIE'S DEPARTMENT STORE

1287 Cranston Street Cranston, R. I.

Telephone West 5344

LIUGO SALVATORE

GROCERY

668 Dyer Avenue

Cranston, R. I.

MESHANTICUT MARKET

1902 Cranston Street

HY. JACOBSON, Prop.

West 0914-W

CRANSTON, TROOP I

MESHANTICUT GIRL SCOUTS

JANUARY

11. Mr. Bosworth announces that Mr. Hitchcock will visit us! Mixed feelings.

Hockey—Cranston-Hope 0-1.

Compliments of

Employees of

CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE

City Hall

Cranston.

Rhode Island

SHUMWAY BROS.

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We Do a Class of Building That Speaks
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EDUCATIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC
SUPPLIES

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Compliments of

WILLIS S. PINO
SEEDSMAN

41-43 Washington Street Providence, R. I.

Compliments of

THE PROVIDENCE ICE
COMPANY

Compliments of

HARRY L. SCHOFIELD

JANUARY

12. Hockey—Cranston-Commercial 1-0.

13. Hockey—Cranston-Classical 2-0.

Compliments of

THOMAS A. BOYLE

Compliments of

ROY L. McLAUGHLIN
Superintendent of Sockanosset School

OAK LAWN, TROOP I
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Compliments of

CRANSTON PRINT WORKS COMPANY

CRANSTON

RHODE ISLAND

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EUGENE F. BENNETT

SHAW DRUG CO.
1521 Broad Street

Telephone

QUINTILIO IANNONE
CUSTOM TAILOR
1670 Broad Street Edgewood, R. I.

Compliments of

PALACE MARKET

Compliments of

H. E. PEARSON

Compliments of

H. TOWNSEND
242 Montgomery Avenue Edgewood, R. I.

P. CARLUCCI
SHOE REPAIRING
1505 Broad Street Providence, R. I.

Telephone Broad 6746-R
HOWARD R. HODSDON
SHOW CARD WRITING, SIGNS PAINTED
Estimates Given
776 Park Avenue Auburn, R. I.

JANUARY

18. Honor Day. Mr. Hitchcock arrives, and, to, our amazement, we like him.
19. Room 4 competes with Room 13, and has 100% bank.

PROVIDENCE CORNICE CO.
SHEET METAL WORKERS AND ROOFERS
Jobbers and Erectors of Metal Ceilings
309 and 311 Canal Street Providence, R. I.

Compliments of

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W. J. HINES
PLUMBING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
All Work Guaranteed
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ARCH AID AND NOVELTY STYLE SHOES FOR WOMEN

ANTI-FRICTION
SHOES FOR MEN

SATIN PUMPS
COLORED ANY
SHADE

WHITMORE'S
Shoe Shop

THIRD FLOOR O'GORMAN BLDG.
COR. WESTMINSTER & EDDY STS., ~ PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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CORRECTED

NEW LOCATION

Compliments of

MESHANTICUT PARK PARENT-
TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Compliments of

JAMES G. MILLER

CRESCENT PARK CLAMBAKE

CHAS. E. LYON & SON

Compliments of

BATTERY D
243rd C. A. C. (H. D.)
Cranston Street Armory

JANUARY

21. Basketball—Cranston-Warwick 21-24.
22. Thrift Day exercises in the hall. Mr. Heffler proves to be an amusing speaker, but what did he do with the three hundred dollars?

JOHN CAPUANO & SONS
FARM PRODUCER

259 Kearney Street Petticonset, R. I.
Broad 1348-J

Compliments of

A FRIEND

MICHAEL COMO

Insurance Agent

Phone West 85-R BUY OF

The Cranston Hardware Store

Ralph A. Di Prete, Prop.

OILS, PAINTS AND WINDOW GLASS
AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

1288 Cranston Street Cranston, R. I.

OUR HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Offers Weekly Lectures, Free Recipes, Service for the Home Maker

You Are Invited to Call Upon Miss Datson

Providence Gas Company

THE CRANSTONIAN

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Pawtuxet Bridge Barber Shop
NUF-SED

Compliments of

D. ALFRED CAMERON

The June Class of 1927 is invited to

BELLIN'S
STUDIO

Compliments of

EARL S. CLARK & COMPANY

Certified Public Accountants

Hospital Trust Building

Providence, R. I.

JANUARY

26. Hockey—Cranston-East Providence 0-1.

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WOONSOCKET

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CREME

QUALITY AND SERVICE

Seaconnet Coal Company

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TELEPHONE GASPEE 7373

YARD OFFICE—144 ALLENS AVENUE

JANUARY

29. Twenty-week exams begin!

FEBRUARY

1 and 2. More exams!

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3 and 5. Peace and quiet after the struggle.

4. Basketball—Cranston-East Providence 54-9.

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West 0842

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Doors, Nails, Edham Kolored Shingles

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8. School is now supposed to begin at 9:05.

9. Cross town arrives 9:15.

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- 10. The big storm! School starts at 10 o'clock and closes at 1 o'clock.
- 11. School starts at 9:15. We like the extra time.

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12. Lincoln's Birthday. Rev. Mr. Lothrop addresses us.

13. Basketball—Cranston-West Warwick 21-33.

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FEBRUARY

22. Washington's Birthday—no school.

23. Mr. Leaming from the Providence Better Business Bureau addresses us.
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Compliments of

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Attorney-at-Law

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FEBRUARY

26. First Minstrel Show rehearsal.

MARCH

1. Basketball—Cranston-R. I. School of Design 31-18.

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THE AUBURN DAIRY

Compliments of
THOMAS WEYMS
Bloomfield, N. J.

Compliments of
GEORGE R. WELLINGTON

Compliments of
ROBERT P. BOLAN

Compliments of
L. OUIMETTE & SON

MARCH

2. We bank 84%, but are reminded that East Providence has banked 89%.
3. The Cranstonian Board addresses the Freshman B's.

Compliments of
HEMINWAY C. BULLOCK

BOWERMAN BROTHERS
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Pettaconsett, R. I.

Compliments of

ALBERT E. PARROTT

MARCH

4. The Cranstonian Board addresses the rest of the Freshmen.
6. Hockey—Cranston-Hope 6-1.
10. Hockey—Cranston-Providence College (Varsity) 2-1.

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DAHLIAS
Tubes and Green Plants
Cut flowers in Season

Compliments of

William M. Lee

Compliments of

A FRIEND

MARCH

- 11. Found twins! Virginia Shabeck and Doris Potter exchange clothes.
- 13. Hockey—Cranston-Commercial 1-0.
Cranston-Classical 2-1.

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PARK THEATRE BARBER SHOP

Compliments of

A FRIEND

MARCH

17. St. Patrick's Day, and, of course, snow.
18. Judge Dubois addresses us about the conduct on the cross town cars—Reports again.
19. Freshman bank 100%. Hope the rest of the school does likewise.

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MARCH

20. Hockey—Cranston-Classical 8-1.

22. Mr. Heffler again speaks to us to help get 100% Tuesday.

23. We bank 100%!!

26. The great show at last.

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"OUR DAD"

MARCH

27. The hall packed beyond capacity on the second night.

29. The same old conduct on the cross town cars, but Mr. Bennett from the Union Electric Railway Company is the speaker.

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Inexpensive Jewelry
Small Pieces of Silverware
Copper, Brass and Pewter
Distinctive School and Class Pins
and Rings

Compliments of

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Nice Ice

Chestnut Avenue

Eden Park

Compliments of

TOM PERRY'S BARBER SHOP

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN
TO LADIES

APRIL

1. Where did Dick Barrett and Milton Patterson get those clothes?
2. Good Friday—no school.

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Providence, R. I.

Compliments of

A Friend

APRIL

4. Easter bonnets make their appearance.
5. We enjoy listening to Miss Frazer and Station CHS over the radio at assembly.

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